

The TATLER

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London
February 8, 1939




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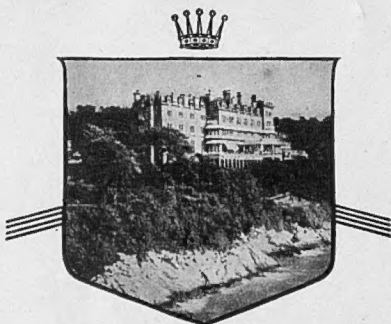
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The TATTLER

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ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET LORD CHATFIELD

The appointment of Lord Chatfield as Minister for Co-ordination of Defence in succession to Sir Thomas Inskip is one of the most important of the recent changes in the composition of the Cabinet. A fighting sailor would seem to be most eminently the right man in the right place in these times of stress in which we live. Lord Chatfield was Flag-Captain to the late Lord Beatty, 1913-1919, has been Commander-in-Chief both the Atlantic and Mediterranean Fleets and First Sea Lord of the Admiralty. Lord Chatfield has only just returned from India, where he has completed his work as Chairman of the Committee on Indian Defence.

And the World said—



THREE HAPPY PEOPLE

Marcus Adams

Lady Leighton, with her six-year-old elder daughter, Lavinia, and her son, Michael, who will be four next month. Colonel Sir Richard Leighton's wife did not have to change her initials or her county when she married. She is the daughter of Major A. E. Lees and her girlhood's home, Rowton Castle in Shropshire is quite near the Leighton family place, Loton Park

ASKED to define a Liberal, Dorothy Walker, America's greatest wit, said "A person with his feet planted firmly in mid-air" which I repeat, with apologies to Sir "Archie" Sinclair, because it made me laugh coming across the dinner-table from a precise conservative, Mr. George Cameron, who guides San Francisco opinion through his wife's family newspaper, keeping in touch with Westminster and his old friend Sir Robert Vansittart, seven thousand miles east. Mrs. Cameron is Chairman of the Women's Committee of the San Francisco Exposition which opens next week. It is known locally as the Golden Gate Exposition,



LADY RONALDSHAY AND HER SON

Swaete

A happy picture of the former Miss Penelope Pike playing with Lord Dundas, aged one and a little bit, at their home in Cambridge Square. Lady Ronaldshay, whose father, Colonel Eben Pike, commanded the 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards and whose mother is artistically so well known as Olive Snell, has been married since 1936. Her husband, elder son of the Secretary of State for India, has so far not followed the generations-old family habit of representing a Yorkshire constituency in Parliament, but he concerns himself actively with North Riding interests and is in the Yorkshire Hussars, one of the two county yeomanry regiments

because San Franciscans naturally enjoy referring to the key of the Pacific. So would you if it was yours. I am enraptured by San Francisco, though the natives say it isn't what it was in the days of "drammer" before the fire; but to a hen-cooped European there is a thrill in finding anything so fine and large as this bay with its crown of green hills; San Francisco, new as paint, built on seven of them, and, winging from the docks over

to Oakland City, the Bay Bridge, the longest in the world. Perhaps because crossing the Forth Bridge is a cherished early memory I am susceptible to bridges, so insisted on being driven over the Golden Gate. Halfway the view, including a sizeable American cruiser, was magnificent and I asked to get out to take a snapshot. *L'ami de chez Cook's* answered, "You can't do that here." I put forward the importance to my career of shooting Alcatraz Island where Al Capone was once imprisoned and finally wore him down to letting me get off while the car kept moving. No car may set down or pick up a passenger on the bridge and if you choose to walk you have to walk the whole darn way, but nobody walks it unless he has suicidal intentions, which is why there is a squad of guards and a big fine for doing what I did; but I got away with it. As just retribution the picture never came out. Another beautiful picture I am carrying away in my head is the Exposition on



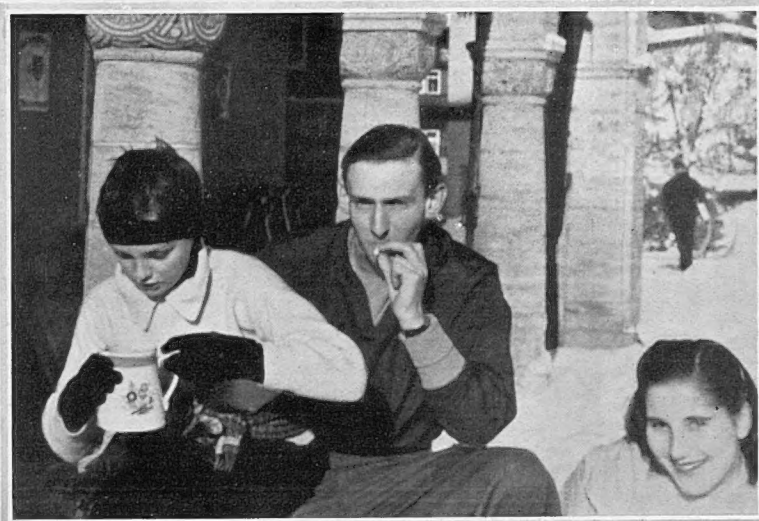
AT THE SOUTH CHESHIRE HUNT BALL

Truman Howell

Miss Helen Cotton, Captain J. Smith-Maxwell, Mr. W. Filmer-Sanke and Mrs. Pat Moseley gather round Mrs. Gavin Clegg. This Hunt Ball, held at Chester, had an enormous "field" of over 600, headed, it goes without saying, by the joint-Masters. Mr. Richard Barbour and Mr. J. N. Clegg have charge of the south side of the Cheshire country this season; the north section is hunted by Mr. P. L. Russell Allen

Treasure Island in the bay. No camera does it justice because the colourings are only to be found on an artist's palette or in a bunch of Californian wild flowers. Artists, gardeners, sculptors and architects have made this the most beautiful exhibition imaginable because it has unity and is imbued with the kin cultures of all the Pacific countries—a considerable achievement in an age of disruption and ugliness. The eleven Western States fit into the picture with the South Sea Islands perfectly; mistakes are negligible, and good taste has nowhere been offended. New York is jealous, but what of it? New York is not America says the West, and now I have been across the continent I see the point. *À propos* of the successful American federation my taxi-driver in Chicago said, "It seems a pity there isn't a United States of Europe under the British King." He said a mouthful of course. The Quai d'Orsay would have nothing more to do, but everyone knows that French diplomatists do nothing with exquisite charm, so the idea is O.K. by me. Lord Cecil of Chelwood conceived it long before the taxi-driver, but less boldly; the British King indeed! God bless him.

The most beautiful house near San Francisco is at Burlingame, the rich suburb with the select country club which Californians call tops. New Place is shared by three families; the young "Charlie" Crockers (who are due to make Mrs. Brokaw a grandmother again this week), and his sisters and their husbands, Mr. and Mrs. Henry P. Russell of U.S. racing fame, and Comte and Comtesse André de Limur who will make a welcome comeback to London when they present and launch their elder daughter this spring—Hélène-Marie is already the



IN THE DAVOS SUN

Young Michael Cunningham-Reid, son of the present member for St. Marylebone, Captain A. S. Cunningham-Reid, Mr. Rupert Gerrard and Miss Diana Barnato, all three of them doing nothing in particular but doing it very well



THE HON. DAVID AND MRS. BALFOUR

Since this picture was taken the Hon. Mrs. David Balfour has presented her husband with a daughter. He is the youngest son of Lord Kinross, and she was before marriage, Miss Araminta Peel, and is a daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Willoughby Ewart Peel, a kinsman of The Right Reverend Sir David Hunter-Blair, the Venerable Abbot of Dunfermline

belle of Burlingame. The house is so full of personality and pictures (some masterpieces) that it seems to influence its inmates like an ancestral home in a novel, but pleasantly, for Crockers are charming, clever people. Their grand-

father dominated the San Francisco of that date; his bank is his monument. Mr. Templeton Crocker, scientist and explorer, is the most unusual descendant. He lives alone in rarefied modernist surroundings, created for him by internationally famous artists. When he can escape from duty he sails for the South Seas in his own yacht with a complement of experts who share his studies of rocks, shells and subjects with long names. Commodore Crocker is a being from another world, the hierarchy of scholars, hermits, explorers, astronomers and philosophers—who know why. Lord Tennyson, who also looked in at New Place, accompanied by his attractive wife, is very much of this world with his pipe, his rhymes and his white cricket socks in the middle of winter. He was sitting opposite "The Sower," an earnest Victorian masterpiece by his grandfather's contemporary Millais, who knew how to paint, although his sinewy moral is no longer palatable. Millais's grandson, Raoul Millais, is the popular "Beaufortshire" artist, but the present Lord Tennyson keeps his literary efforts on a White's and breezy, rather than a *Morte d'Arthur* note. Another sportsman, Leander McCormick, whose skill with the rod and line are known wherever fishermen meet to tell their long tales, is writing a successor to *Fishing Round the World* in his home city, Chicago, in which I am writing now



YOUNG ENTHUSIASTS AT KEMPTON

Miss Kathleen Kennedy, daughter of the United States' Ambassador and Mrs. Joseph Kennedy, with Lord Andrew Cavendish, a son of the Duke of Devonshire, facing the blast at the cold but bright Kempton the day that the principal attraction was the Weybridge Chase. Three Grand National horses were engaged and only one of them, Kingsland, who ran third, has since stood his ground as both Takvor Pasha and Away have not accepted

And the World said—*continued*

with his little boy's trains), has a magnificent approach which would compare with the Champs-Élysées if the climate was kinder; as it sleets, you wear wool next to the skin and wonder how the three-and-half-million habitants avoid dying of pneumonia. But indoors the heating functions more fiercely than anywhere in America; the Races of Man, Malvina Hoffmann's remarkable sculptures, are arranged in a hall of tropical temperature so that her life-like naked Africans look quite cosy. This is the outstanding room in the Field, perhaps the outstanding achievement in art by a woman since Sappho, sweeping aside Rosa Bonheur, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Mme. Vigée Le Brun and Marlene Dietrich. At the art gallery, you must go, if time is short, to the Van Goghs (they have the greatest of all greenery-yellow wood scenes); the Gauguins: Toulouse-Lautrecs; Degas' Renoirs and other French masterpieces. This collection deserves its fame. The Renoir room is a joy; quality rather than quantity, but big boss Chauncy McCormick has no business to hang the only fair-sized and superbly melancholy Goya in a cross light. The other Goyas form a series of six little pictures, telling the story of a monk and a beggar who, after attempting robbery, is shot in the pants by the Holy Father and left in a realistic pool of gore—excellent propaganda for the government cause.

My Riviera spy writes that Madame Gustave de Strale d'Ekna is motoring to Albania to be with her grand-daughter, the Queen of Albania, who is looking forward to a happy event next month. American-born Madame d'Ekna is the author of the Hungarian thriller *The Bracelet Ring*, which was published in London last month and in which she tells of the "Red" days in Hungary and of the birth of her grand-daughter, who was destined to be a queen. She says the numerous public works, being carried out in the cities and the towns, prevented Albania's hoped-for winter sports season materializing, but next year it will be ready with new "snow" fields for ardent skiers to conquer.

From home I hear that bad weather postponed the Belvoir's Boxing Day meet until the end of January, when a sunny day found a large crowd of lookers-on in the middle of Grantham town, including mothers who urged children to "look at the nice jockeys," as members of the field rode up. Although Grantham is surrounded on most sides by golf courses, aerodromes and settlements of small greenhouses, there were plenty of foxes, one of which was found in the coverts of Lord Brownlow's Belton Park. Among those out, were Lord Lovat who, with his attractive wife, is

sharing a house with "Cuckoo" Starkey of the Grenadiers; that famous sportsman General George Paynter, with his wife, who looks a picture, side-saddle—they live at Eaton, in the heart of the Belvoir country; Mrs. Edward Hoos, Lord Brownlow's sister, was another smart rider, side-saddle; and Miss Lydia Watson who prefers "astride," and proved that it can look extremely business-like and neat.

My London budget brings news of the Anglo-French Art and Travel Society's musical party in the ballroom-cum-music-room of Seaford House. Although Lady Howard de Walden is away on the Riviera, there was an excellent attendance, including Princess Helena-Victoria; Lord and Lady Willingdon; Lord and Lady Bessborough; Lord and Lady Elibank, she wearing a pearl head-dress shaped like a wreath of leaves; Mrs. Anthony Chaplin, wife of Lord Chaplin's heir, who chatted with Lady Betty Butler; and of course, Olga Lynn, who wore a pair of enviable jade stud earrings and sat with Lady Jowitt. Another popular event was the ball at the Dorchester in aid of the National Council for Mental Hygiene, which was so ably organized by Lady Hamond-Graeme, who is a tireless worker for good causes. It was attended by the Duke and Duchess of Kent, the Duchess wearing a gold lamé dress and her four ropes of pearls. One of the proudest there, was Mrs. Littlejohn Cook (alias Xenia, of dress fame), who both designed and presented H.R.H. with a magnificent bouquet of orchids and lilies of the valley. This was undoubtedly the best ball of the year to date, and others enjoying it were Lady Alexandra Metcalfe

whose David, Davina and Linda are holidaying amid the snow at Gstaad; Miss Primrose Harbord, just returned from St. Moritz, was with her fiancé, Mr. Edward d'Abo; the Greek Minister escorted Madame Simopoulos; Brigadier-General Sir Edward Bellingham, who used to be in the Royal Scots, was with Mary, Lady Erroll; Lady Moncreiffe looked charming in black velvet (she was deputy chairman and never missed a committee meeting) and talked with Sir George Frankenstein—her daughter, Katherine, was among the "youngsters" present; Sir Paul Dukes, who is an authority on Russian affairs, had Mrs. Donough O'Brien as supper companion, and Lord and Lady Ebbisham were together. Doubtless, he is having a busy time just now as he is Honorary Colonel of the 54th (City of London) A.A. Brigade (T.A.).

The 50-50 gala matinée (fifty per cent a stage show with lots of stars, and fifty per cent screen entertainment), will take place at the Palace Theatre on Tuesday, February 28, in aid of animal charities. Ring Regent 6862 for tickets.



THE CAMERA IN CAIRO

H.E. Sir Miles Lampson and Lady Lampson at the Cairo Zoological Gardens, with Dr. Ibrahim Adry, director general. This was in the nature of a farewell visit, for Sir Miles Lampson, British Ambassador to Egypt and High Commissioner for the Sudan since 1936, has been appointed British Ambassador to the United States. Sir Miles was a signatory to the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty and his tenure of office has been a very popular one

whose David, Davina and Linda are holidaying amid the snow at Gstaad; Miss Primrose Harbord, just returned from St. Moritz, was with her fiancé, Mr. Edward d'Abo; the Greek Minister escorted Madame Simopoulos; Brigadier-General Sir Edward Bellingham, who used to be in the Royal Scots, was



RUSSIAN NEW YEAR IN NEW YORK

Mr. James Beck, Lord Glenconner's brother-in-law, with Mrs. George U. Harris, of Tuxedo, at the party given by Prince Serge Obolensky and the White Russians of New York to celebrate the Russian New Year. Congressman Beck's son is one of New York's most constant and welcome diners-out

More pictures of this event in next week's issue



VICTORIA SEELY AND MRS. VICTOR SEELY

PRAM PUSHERS

Taking offspring for an airing is one of Society's fashionable pre-lunch pastimes nowadays, and perambulatory scenes such as are shown here may be observed any fine morning in Hyde Park. Mr. Victor Seely's daughter Victoria, who tricycles around with her step-mother, is Lord Rochdale's granddaughter, and niece of Sir Hugh Seely; her mother died in 1935. The Hon. Mrs. Edmonstone and Antonia, born in 1937, are particularly good outdoor companions. Mrs. Edmonstone, only daughter of Lord Kilmaine, is the wife of Sir Archibald Edmonstone's younger son, Lieutenant-Commander Edward Edmonstone, late Royal Navy



THE HON. MRS. EDMONSTONE GIVES ANTONIA AN AIRING



MRS. MAURICE GREEN AND ANTHONY



NIGEL JEREMY HELPING HIS MOTHER, MRS. NIGEL BRANDT



MADAME DE AGUIRRE (LEFT) WITH MRS. CHRISTOPHER WREY AND TIMOTHY



LORD FURNEAUX, SWAN FANCIER

To be allowed to lend a hand in pram-pushing appeals to many young Hyde Parkers, and Nigel Jeremy Brandt really prefers it to being pushed. He is a small kinsman of that grand old Surrey sportsman, Mr. H. B. Brandt, steeplechase owner and fox-hunter. Lord Furneaux, Lord and Lady Birkenhead's nearly three-year-old, also likes getting on to his feet and he's not a bit frightened of hungry swans. Timothy Wrey (see extreme left) is a grandson of Sir Harold Bowden



MR. AND MRS. JOHN LODER AND DANIELLE
WINTER-SPORTING AT MÉGÈVE

John Loder and his attractive wife, who perhaps is better known as Micheline Cherié, are staying at Danielle Darrieux's chalet at Mégève with their eight-months-old daughter, Danielle, who has the same name as her illustrious godmother. He will be remembered for his superb rendering of the Tsar Alexander II in *Katia*, the title name of which was taken by Danielle Darrieux. This picture had a very successful run at the Academy

"THERE'S no art," said King Duncan, "to find the mind's construction in the face." But then that Caledonian walrus had never seen a gangster film.

The thing which has always puzzled me is how on earth Hollywood's actors of gangster-parts could ever make a living if there were no gangster films. Would I entrust my life savings? But that is a foolish question for one who has never saved in his life! Would I entrust a week's wages to any bank managed by Mr. Humphrey Bogart? Certainly not. I would sooner entrust them to any member of your comparatively honest British race-course gang. Would I entrust the making-up of the most ordinary prescription to any chemist whose chief assistant was Mr. Bogart? Again no. I feel that the moment I drew the cork the mere fumes would prove fatal. And Mr. Bogart is quite one of the decentest-looking of these nefarious gentlemen. That is why a great part of *Angels with Dirty Faces*, the new film at the Warner, left me in part unmoved. These villains' faces are largely their fortune. Who ever doubted Irving's power to look evil when he wanted? Taking thought is not the whole of acting, and a man may be a first-class player yet have a whole line of parts closed to him. Who would cast Mr. Jack Hulbert for Iago? Conversely a man may look like Shylock, Fagin, and all three murderers in *Macbeth* rolled together, and yet at home be the fount of all good nature and dandle babies upon his knee. *Angels with Dirty Faces* is all about the "Dead-End Kids" and their hero-worship for a gangster portrayed by Mr. James Cagney. Mr. Cagney on the present occasion looked so little like a gangster that I thought the film ought to have been called *Angel and Dirty Faces*. This surprised me very much because my recollection of Mr. Cagney is that he used to look the perfect gangster. Lo and behold, the other evening every trace of villainy had disappeared! He looked cherubic. His expression was yonderly. He had the air of a hero in a novel by George MacDonald. Candour spoke in his eyes. He was not furtive. His nerves were unfrayed. He looked everybody in the face, and never once over his shoulder. I whispered to my neighbour, "He hasn't the dial for Rocky Sullivan!" My neighbour whispered back, "He hasn't the Franklin Dyall!"

The point about this film is that it is a moral story. Rocky begins life as a petty thief in company with another boy. The cops apprehend them, but actually secure only Rocky, the other boy being the better runner. From this moment their ways lie apart. Rocky goes to the penitentiary, and then from one term of imprisonment to another, while his playmate and partner becomes a priest who takes under his wing the young hooligans. These are of the stuff of whom

THE CINEMA

Cagney and the Gangsters

By JAMES AGATE

he and Rocky were made. With years of gaol behind him, Rocky emerges to become the hero of the gang, and for a long time it is pull Devil, pull baker. In other words, pull Rocky, pull priest. For Rocky *au fond* has a heart of gold, which, I repeat, is what is wrong with Mr. Cagney's playing. He should have not a heart of gold but a core of meanness. For gangsters are inexcusably mean. But perhaps I am falling here into the old trap of confounding bad acting with bad material? It may be that it is the author of this film who was wrong in not giving Mr. Cagney any meanness to portray. For then comes a moment when the parson says to Rocky, "Now, Rocky, it's no good my trying to build a home for my boys when the whole city surrounding it is rotten. This is no more effective than isolating an individual in a plague-ridden city. Sooner or later the plague will get him. You must therefore rid the city of the plague. I am going to make this town fit for my boys to live in. This means putting down the rackets and exterminating the gangsters. And if I come up against you, Rocky, you mustn't take it as personal." Whereupon Rocky says, "Go ahead, padre! I shall bear you no grudge. And in the meantime here's 10,000 dollars for your boys' home!" I just didn't believe a word of all this. I can believe that a gangster will referee a game of basket-ball between two squads of urchins, and insist on both sides playing fair. But I cannot believe in a gangster who will observe the rules of boxing with an antagonist who is going to send him and his partners to the chair, merely because of a boyhood friendship of twenty years ago.

But these are all post-cinema objections! Actually the film is intensely exciting to sit through whether you believe in the principal character or not. Mr. Bogart, Mr. George Bancroft, and the rest of Mr. Cagney's partners in crime have smear and slime written all over them, and when once the three-cornered battle is joined—the priest, the fair-playing Rocky, and the gangsters whom Rocky has to shoot to preserve the priest's skin—the excitement is great. The spectacle of a rat caught in a trap may be a low one. But when the rat is a first-rate actor like Cagney, and the trap is an empty building surrounded by a posse of police firing bullets and firemen squirting tear-gas, it is a rousing spectacle. I little doubt the validity of the ending. At the priest's request Rocky goes to the chair howling, pretending to be "yellow," with the notion that the "Dead-End Kids" will desist from worshipping a hero who does not come up to the "Dead-End" notion of heroism. I think if I had made this film I should have gone the whole sentimental hog and given it a prologue. I should have shown the priest, now a white-haired old man, explaining to the kids, all respectable and prosperous citizens of many years' standing, how Rocky had traduced himself to save them. I should have shown the parson putting up a tablet to Rocky's memory. After which the prologue would fade out and the film proper begin!

At the Curzon there is a delightful picture, entitled *Education de Prince*, which is pure joy. This is an adaptation of the gay and daring comedy by Maurice Donnelly. The Prince is delightfully acted by a player whom I have not been able to identify, while as his mother, Mlle Popesco gives the best performance of her career, while M. Jouvet continues in his admirable plan of acting so little and so exquisitely, that you wonder how good he would be if he acted a whole lot more.

J. A.

Last Thursday *The Citadel* entered on its seventh week at the Empire. In its first six weeks it had been seen by over 600,000 people, an all-time record—but only one of many which this phenomenal British film has created. For ten years no other picture has run at the 3,500-seater Empire for longer than six weeks: only two have run as long as that, *Mutiny on the Bounty* and *A Yank at Oxford*. The next best was *Trader Horn*, with five weeks. Just ten years ago, the original *Broadway Melody* ran for eight and a half weeks, but that was only shown four times a day (the Empire hours were shorter then); so *The Citadel*, playing six times a day, has already beaten it for number of performances, as well as for attendance and box-office takings.

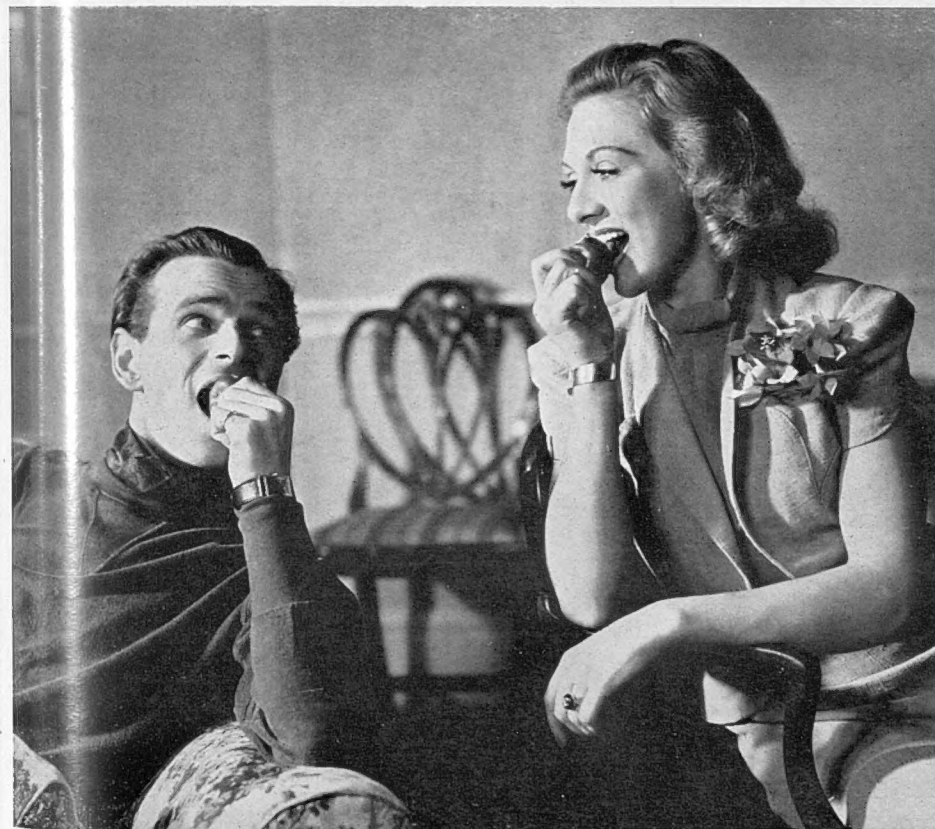
ROUND AND ABOUT THE PLAYHOUSES



A SCENE IN *THEY WALK ALONE*—THE GRIPPING MURDER PLAY
l. to r. Alastair MacIntyre (Bob Stanforth), Beatrix Lehmann (the murderess) Rene Ray (Julie Tallent) and Carol Goodner (Bess Stanforth)



Photos: Angus McBean
ANOTHER SCENE: WITH BEATRIX LEHMANN
AND CAROL GOODNER



IN *TONY DRAWS A HORSE*: NIGEL PATRICK (TIM)
AND DIANA CHURCHILL (CLARE FLEMING)

Houston Rogers



DIANA BEAUMONT AND BILLY MILTON
IN *WORTH A MILLION*

Debenham

The selection made in this page for your entertainment and delight varies from the stark horror of Max Catto's homicidal maniac play, *They Walk Alone*, to which we may go at the Shaftesbury, to those amusing things, *Tony Draws a Horse* (but not in any sweep) at the Criterion and this latest bit of swansdown, *Worth a Million* at the Saville where Claude Hulbert is making everyone laugh till they cry. As to *They Walk Alone* it is credibly reported that in spite of central heating, Beatrix Lehmann as Emmy Baudin, the murderess, freezes everyone's marrow in their bones. It is more than well up to Grand Guignol standard. Emmy is a species of vampire who murders the lads of the village, the flower of the yeomen of England, from a sheer lust of killing. There are, no doubt, people like this, but it is lucky for us that we do not have to meet them every day. *Tony Draws a Horse* gives Lilian Braithwaite yet another triumph at her favourite theatre, the Criterion, and a part which is just no trouble to her at all, and out of which she extracts every ounce of value. The naughty boy, Tony, who draws a horse on the wall of his father's surgery, does not appear in the play but his artistic effort causes a domestic squabble, which results in the agitated mother returning to her parents. Claude Hulbert makes all the running from start to finish in *Worth a Million* at the Saville and wins easily. He is most ably backed up by Diana Beaumont as Miss Smith, Billy Milton as Alan Paddock, and also by Edmund Gwenn, Ruby Miller and many more clever and amusing people.

From the Shires and Provinces

A Leicestershire Letter.

WE have had the worst samples of English weather this week. Snow, thaw, wind, snow again, rain, shine. The best day of the week was Saturday when the Belvoir brought off two very fine hunts of 1½ hours and 2 hours respectively, both of them almost entirely in Quorn country. The first was from Kaye Wood to the railway beyond Curate's and back to Nether Broughton. The second was from Sherbrookes. After a loop round to Hose Thorns hounds ran into Quorn country again. They passed through Old Dalby and Grimston Gorse and on past Saxelbye nearly to Asfordby where their fox was lost in some buildings. A point of seven miles. Who were the rascals on wild horses who pushed the poor little girl off the bridge into the swollen and frigid Smite? Not at all the sort of girl that wants a ducking either.

The Quorn also had a very good hunt from Oakley Wood to Garendon Park, but the Cottesmore could not hunt at all owing to snow. Chatty went to Leicester and bought Colin's best horse. The Buists had as good a sale as they deserved, retaining one horse each, unsold. So long as they have one horse apiece or, like the unfortunate gunner officers, share a horse and a man between two persons, they will stay in Leicestershire.

There have been more people hunting since the New Year, as is usually the case. The turf cuts up a good deal, but this country is hardly ever as heavy as other countries.

From the Fernie.

Those who forgathered at Bruntingthorpe on Monday had to face cold and wet conditions in the preliminary stages and with the country waterlogged horseflesh had a gruelling time. The wait at Gilmorton Covert was unrewarded and Gwen's and Charlie's Gorse were also blank, but at Great Peatling there was a fox who raised our hopes, but he left little scent behind him and what there was petered out after a brief scurry near Arnesby. With second horses in demand hounds found next in Jane Ball and running out to Knaptoft led over a fine line of country to Walton village near where scent again failed after a good forty minutes. A heavy fall of snow ruled hunting out for Thursday and once more we wait on a clear country. The after effects have brought copious flooding and in the present state one wonders when we shall have sound going again. A field of some hundreds soon leave their mark on "Farmer Giles's" enclosures. Saturday at the Horse Repository attracted the hunting fraternity of the Shires. Masters of Hounds and well-known celebrities in the horse world had congregated to witness the sale of the Colin Buist horses and there being no hunting it was a general field day. The variety entertainment which will be held at Market Harborough on February 10, presented by Lady Zia Wernher and Mrs. Massey, promises to be an interesting event judging by the galaxy of talent engaged, and all for a good cause. May weather conditions soon permit of sport being carried on.

From the Heythrop.

A gloomy week has just passed, gloomy both from the world outlook and from our own local anxieties. Political uncertainties no doubt have an effect on hunting and it would



Howard Barrett

A RUFFORD SNAPSHOT IN SHERWOOD FOREST

And it includes the senior Master Lord Titchfield, Miss McDonald and Lady Titchfield. The fixture for Robin Hood's domain was Buck Gates, a substitute for Kirklington, which was absolutely waterlogged—a somewhat prevalent condition in many parts of the land

be quite possible to work ourselves up into a terrible state of jitters if we allowed ourselves to think of such things as our horses being taken from us, our hounds being destroyed to save food and money, our homes filled with strangers, etc., but these are all big fences, which, like all other big fences, are best not thought about until we meet them. At the moment our local anxieties are centred in the foot-and-mouth disease scare which has now raised its ugly head on our southern, eastern and western sides, but even so, we are putting in four days per week, although this week, owing to snow, Monday at Chipping Norton was our only day. The annual Hunt Meeting was held before hunting and the welcome news soon spread that everything is ditto for next season. Our first fox from Salford Osiers left his watery bed for the suburban defences round Chipping Norton, which is a very tricky bit of country and brought

down his lordship who seems to be having his fair share of purlers, and we hope he will soon be able to shed his buskin.

The Warwickshire.

WE are going through a time of trial in Warwickshire rather hard to bear what with snow and foot-and-mouth. Loxley on Saturday finished up the best week of the season and with a great kick too, after rather a moderate and scratchy morning in Wellesbourne Wood and Alveston Pastures. The afternoon hunt from Lighthorne Rough was really good and amongst other things demonstrated the perfect *entente* between fox-hunters and shooters in this country. Chesterton Wood—the never failing—the last pheasant downed and the last shot fired. The guns reassembled to say good-bye and thank you to their host when in burst the hunted fox with hounds and a much bespattered but very well pleased field hard on his track. Neither body of sportsmen lost any of their fun because of the other (good staff work this!), the shooters in fact being mostly all foxhunters themselves; in fact, the only creature not completely content with the day's proceedings was the fox.

On Monday we met at The Firs, Bloxham way. A very cold hill-top rendezvous as it happened that day, but such very comforting and appropriate measures were provided by the Fox's—a name of good omen!—that climatic rigours were soon forgotten. All of us so glad to see "Bim," Compton Wynyates's noble owner once more charging along in the van

(Continued on page 246)



Truman Howell

SOUTH SHROPSHIRE SUPPORTERS

Mrs. Rex Holcroft and family, Ann, Michael and Peter, the day hounds met at Longden Manor, which is Mrs. Holcroft's father's house. Mr. William Swire is the Squire of Longden. Major Rex Holcroft is the son and heir of Sir George Holcroft

THE GARTH HUNT
ON THE LIGHT FANTASTIC



MR. TONY CAYZER, A SON OF THE M.F.H.,
AND MISS ROSEMARY FORD



MR. GEORGE BRAUND SHOWS THE M.F.H. AND
LADY CAYZER THE HANDKERCHIEF TRICK



MR. DAVID CUNNINGHAM, R.N., AND
THE HON. LORRAINE CARLETON



SIR WILLIAM MOUNT, M.F.H. (S. BERKS),
AND MISS E. SIMONDS



MR. MICHAEL McCREIA
AND LADY MOUNT



MRS. DENNIS FURLONG AND THE HON.
PETER BARNARD



LADY ANNE RHYS AND LORD MORNINGTON,
HER BROTHER

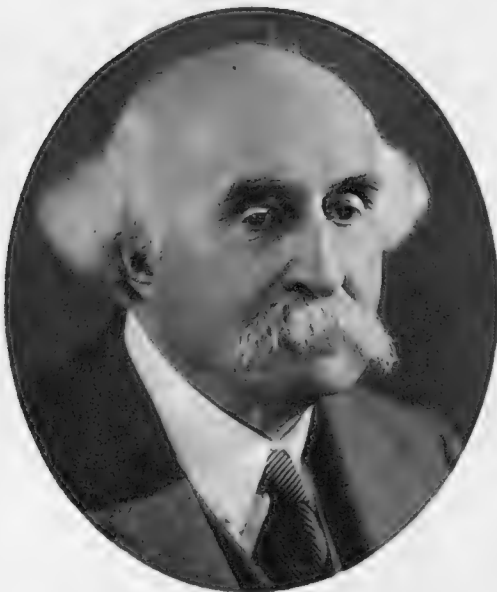
The Garth ball, which attracted the enormous entry of 600, was appropriately and most successfully held at the abode of the senior Master, Sir Herbert Cayzer (1931), Tylney Hall, near Basingstoke. Sir Herbert Cayzer is a brother of a former joint of the Pytchley, Major Harold Cayzer, 11th Hussars, and so fox-hunting is in the blood. The junior Master, Miss Effie Barker (1936), is in the picture on right with Lord Dorchester, who thinks, and probably quite rightly, that no hound ought to win at Peterboro' unless he has proved himself in his work. The Hon. Lorraine Carleton (see with the Navy up top) is Lord and Lady Dorchester's younger daughter. Sir William Mount (for very charming wife see another picture) was one of the supporting M.F.H.s, and has been joint of the South Berks since 1935



MISS EFFIE BARKER, M.F.H.,
AND LORD DORCHESTER

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING



DOUGLAS SLADEN

Bassano

The eminent and much-travelled author whose autobiography, commissioned by Hutchinson's, will feature importantly in their spring list. Mr. Sladen, the first holder of the Chair of History in Sydney University, spent four years in Australia, two in America, and has gathered material for his delightful books from practically every corner of the globe. He has well over sixty publications to his credit

A Distinguished Monarch.

FROM the psychological view-point a monarchy is by far the most satisfactory form of rule. A limited monarchy, that is—limited to the extent that the monarch can, when necessary, stir the pie with an unambitious finger without being the whole pie himself. Behind a monarchy there is, at least, a tradition of good manners and of morality. Certain monarchs may have disregarded this from time to time, but the tradition persists

nevertheless. Behind a dictator there is usually nothing more than a tradition of force—and force never had good manners nor any settled tradition of conduct. Even behind a president there is always the suspicion that the presidency houses merely a political careerist or a nonentity. A limited monarchy, strong in the tradition of good behaviour, avoids all these things. Besides, it supplies the essential magic; and humanity dearly loves magic—something supernatural, which can thus be worshipped without being explained. Their gods, human or divine, are perfect examples of this. To say nothing of their flags and their heroic poets and painters, and their military brass bands. No wonder, even in their quarrels, Heaven is dragged on to each side—especially when the other is being routed. The world demands the mystic even though, at the same moment, it pays lip-worship to logic. Dictators only achieve this necessary mysticism so long as they are marching triumphantly forward. The moment they stay put, so to speak, their disciples grow subversive. Anyway, dictators never seem able to follow one another. One dies, and there is an entirely new form of government. On the other hand, the hereditary system of monarchy is permanent, and people like to gather round it as something which represents their own settled glory; and, because it is permanent, it has achieved a throne and with it a kind of mysticism—which is infinitely more gratifying than a presidential chair, because anybody may one day sit on that, so it possesses no mysticism whatsoever.

I dare say, logically, it is all wrong, but, so far, most people have not been born to logic—whatever education may achieve in that direction, say, a million years from now. Logically, of

course, there ought to be only law courts and policemen, but that blessed consummation is not yet. In the meanwhile, leaders, apart from monarchs, can only succeed if they seek to surround themselves by symbols of mysterious power—be they swastikas, coloured shirts, hammers and sickles, or a badge stuck in a buttonhole. Then, with a band accompanying them, a megaphone to blare forth their eloquence, and people doing all sorts of queer actions with their arms and legs, they can lead. Only thus equipped will their followers blindly follow them into the grave, if need be. The symbols of magic, if not of mysticism, have been achieved—ours not to question why. The forceful, enduring things are, consequently, the ceremonial ones—since ceremony has the queer power to make us believe that we are taking part in something slightly transcendental. And that is just what we most enjoy. This psychic-satisfaction can be so quietly achieved by monarchy without any of that dazzle and deafening roar which must, of necessity, accompany the purely temporary human symbols of power and glory. In about a thousand years, as I peep over my cloud, I shall not be at all astonished to find the world below crowded by kings of little kingdoms; and everybody supremely happy—at least, by contrast. Only the kinglets won't be autocrats; merely about the only totally disinterested and personally unambitious family in the kingdom. In their persons they will preserve the tone of good behaviour, will be outside the suspicious turmoil of party politics, will provide the symbolical release of all the cheering, martial music and ornate ceremonial which it is so necessary to release from time to time, human beings being what they are. Thus they will provide in their tradition that touch of magic and mysticism without which humanity finds it difficult to rally round anything enthusiastically and blindly.

The day of the imperial autocrat is, however, gone for ever, but I should not be surprised if the day of the hereditary, yet limited, monarchy is just about to dawn; and this, not because it is the direct outcome of logical conclusions, but simply because *it isn't*. It is born of a human need—or weakness, if you will—like faith. A hereditary permanence, so to speak, in a world which is nowadays always chopping and changing according to the dictates of powerful little cliques. And the curious thing is that, although dictators, past and present, are identical in their methods, and one president is as much like another president as two lord mayors, modern monarchy is a vast improvement on anything which, except occasionally, has gone before. Nowadays they are more at the head of social services than of the Army—defenders of the quiet, ordinary, live-and-let-live people. And that is where they should be, if the world is to become better and more peaceful. It is the armies and the navies which create all the trouble, and dictators can't get on without them. That is at once their strength and their vulnerability; and so the happiest countries in the modern world are now those countries with a working monarch at their heads. They don't require to bomb their enemies to keep their security. They are free to concentrate upon their country's good, not necessarily its greatness. And the thinking and feeling world is beginning to realise that that is all it requires of either its governments or its kings. The Napoleon complex is

(Continued on page 242)



A NEW NEVINSON

Next Tuesday, February 14, C. R. W. Nevinson's 1939 Exhibition opens at the Leicester Galleries. No show by this distinguished artist would be complete without a problem picture or two, and here is one of them, entitled "Le Temps est à la Pluie." Mr. Nevinson, Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, R.B.A., R.O.I., whose Great War paintings made such a stir in 1916, showed his first work in 1910. Since then he has exhibited frequently in London, Paris, New York, Washington and Chicago, and his pictures have been acquired by many famous galleries and State buildings. His facility for change of manner is interestingly noticeable

ST. MORITZ ROUNDABOUT



A CHANGE FROM BOBBING
FOR MISS BETTY HARBORD



MRS. HUGH LEVESON-GOWER, NOW
AN EXPERT ON SKIS



PRINCESS CHRISTIAN VON HESSEN-
PHILIPPSTHAL-BARCHFELD



LADY DOVERDALE ARMED
FOR MORNING EXERCISE



PRINCESS DOUSKAIA AND PRINCESS
ASPASIA OF GREECE FORGATHER



MR. AND MRS. IRVING NETCHER
LOOKING ON AT ICE-HOCKEY



PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF GREECE
AND MISS LORNA HARMSWORTH

Illustrated news from the Swiss snows is still in full spate. St. Moritz reports that Miss Betty Harbord, eldest daughter of Mrs. Edward Harbord, of Kirk Deighton Hall, Yorkshire, enjoys an occasional ski-run as a change from her usual bobbing; that Mrs. Hugh Leveson-Gower, gold medallist skater, is now a ski-ing expert; that Princess Christian von Hessen-Philippsthal-Barchfeld (she used to be Miss Elizabeth Reid Rogers, of Tennessee) has just about the most imposing array of ski-club badges to be seen in those parts; that Lady Doverdale, whose home address is Westwood Park, Droitwich, wears very snappy suitings; that Princess Alexandra of Greece has won some exciting ski-races this winter, and that she and the Hon. Esmond Harmsworth's elder daughter are very much belles of St. Moritz. Princess Alexandra's charming mother, Princess Aspasia, widow of King Alexander of Greece, was photographed with the former Lady Deterding, who, it will be remembered, was created Princess Douskaia by the late Grand Duke Kyrill of Russia; she is a daughter of the late General Paul Koudayaroff. Mrs. Rosie Dolly Netcher and her husband have been spending a protracted Swiss holiday, and, are in the finest fettle

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

satanic both in industry or in armies. It is already *vieux jeu* in the home. The ex-Kaiser, I can well believe, is the finale of *his* kind. The very last thing the monarchy of the future will be required to do will be to write history. The world is getting very weary of those whose ambition it is to write history. The best kind of history is the human experience, which quietly and unobtrusively is writing its own story without a ferocious swagger. The story of its social, domestic, spiritual, medical and artistically creative development. Briefly, its struggle towards a real civilisation—which is just another way of describing human happiness. And towards this ideal certain of the less ornate monarchs have played an important part.

You have only to read Hans Roger Madol's interesting biography of "Christian the Ninth" (Collins; 16s.) to understand this. To most of us, King Christian is merely known as the father of Queen Alexandra, or, if we want to remember an ancient joke, as once "the father-in-law of Europe." But, incidentally, it will be news for most of us to read in this book that he might also have been the husband of Queen Victoria, if Prince Albert had not made a more immediate appeal. Such, however, was once the possibility. It did not blossom into romance, and it ended rather prosaically by Christian, who came to England for her coronation, falling over a sofa as he bowed himself out. Which amused Queen Victoria very much indeed. She shared the royal sense of humour: which is generally very slight—perhaps of necessity, as otherwise they might die of laughing. As an example of this humour there is a story of how Tzar Alexander III., during one of those huge family reunions which periodically surrounded King Christian, caused endless merriment by a joke which would surely be considered vulgar in a vulgar servants' hall. No wonder, when King Edward VII. was once asked: "Does your Majesty know any spot more boring than Fredensborg?" he answered: "Oh, yes; Bernstorff." Yet these periodical mass family reunions had their political importance. Things went more peacefully in those days. If you wanted, so to speak, to obtain the friendship of another country, you didn't march into it with tanks and machine-guns and demand that the inhabitants must be friendly or die: you simply married off one of your own princes (or princesses to a member of the other reigning house, and something better than a commercial treaty was achieved at once; and it must be confessed that King Christian IX. was very clever at achieving these bloodless victories, although, we read, his wife, Queen Louisa, did declare that she would never "hand over another daughter of mine to the maltreatment of Queen Victoria." Still, with one daughter married to the Tzar of Russia, another to the heir of the British throne, one son King of Greece, and even minor relatives suitably provided for, he was a wise and far-seeing man. But, then, unlike most kings, he had known intimately two contrasting sides of life. In the beginning he not only had to fight unpopularity, but poverty. Eventually his own modest, straightforward character triumphed over the one, while circumstances lessened the

weight of the other. Something of what must have been a very striking personal charm emerges from the pages of this book—a charm which is somehow fixed in a delightful photograph showing King Christian playing a quiet after-dinner game of whist with his three daughters—the Tzarina, Queen Alexandra, and the Duchess of Cumberland—in a room typically a Victorian drawing-room of no great luxury. In fact, the successful biography of King Christian IX. has to be three parts domestic and the rest political in order to obtain an intimate and true portrait of the King's unusual qualities. In writing the book the author has been helped by members of the Danish Royal Family, not only from their own personal memories, but from old letters and diaries. The result is that rather rare book—the biography of a royal personage which is at once the acme of discretion without suffering the least loss of general interest.

A First-class Thriller.

Mr. Joseph Shearing's new story, "Blanche Fury" (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.), is what I, personally, call a first-class thriller. For me it is the more thrilling because it is founded on fact—a very famous crime still remembered and discussed in Norfolk. I don't object to my romances being pure fiction, but I do like my blood chilled by real horrors. Which, perhaps, is why I have never fallen for the thousands of manufactured detective-stories which pour annually from printing-presses. I place Mr. Shearing's story in a much higher category. It is the story of crime, not of detection, but chiefly the exciting revelation of two criminal characters worked out in an environment which outwardly represented nothing more thrilling than a broken mirror. It is this picture of two criminally-inclined people deliberately evolving their

horrid deed amid commonplace, placid people, which adds so greatly to its horror and excitement—like watching violent death stalking a victim whom it is impossible to warn. Especially notable is it for the character-drawing of Blanche Fury herself. Beautiful, repressed, poor, proud, thin-skinned, with that exasperating sensitiveness and suspicion which so often accompany poverty and pride, we watch her gradually drifting towards her evil accomplice, with whom she had so much akin, until at last four dead bodies open the way to a rich inheritance which both held to be rightly theirs—if the fact of an ancient marriage in the family could only be verified. Even when the crime had been committed and it looked as if the guilty would tamely escape justice, the end holds a surprise. A surprise, too, which is nevertheless perfectly in character. Blanche, who all along had, so to speak, directed the murderer's aim, managed in the end to denounce him, while making her own part in the crime appear completely blameless. This is a meaty thriller; perfectly written, so it seemed to me, for the kind of tale to be unfolded. The period is mid-Victorian and the style is reminiscent of the days when Miss Braddon made our hair stand on end and Wilkie Collins froze our marrow. It really ought to have been illustrated in the mid-Victorian manner—which has never yet been bettered. Six months later one usually remembers few modern thrillers. Before then, I hope to read "Blanche Fury" again. Of its kind it is quite remarkably good.



Anthony

MISS SARAH BOWES-LYON, AN EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD
AUTHORESS

Miss Sarah Bowes-Lyon, who has only just turned eighteen and came out last year, is already an authoress of some distinction, having just published her third book, with the title of "You Were There." She is the youngest daughter of Captain Geoffrey Bowes-Lyon, a first cousin of her Majesty the Queen. Her mother is giving a dance for her during the coming season

'CHASING IN THE COLD

AT LEICESTER



MR. W. BISSILL, TRAINER OF LEPPERS; MRS. JAMES BEALE AND MRS. CLAUDE WILLIAMS



CAPTAIN AND MRS. PETER WIGGIN



MRS. GERRY WILSON, FRED RICKABY AND MRS. RIMELL (JUNIOR)



MRS. LUKE LILLINGSTONE, M.F.H., AND MAJOR W. E. MELLES



MRS. ALEC MARSH AND MR. R. H. BARKER



MRS. N. BIRCH AND MAJOR R. MOSELEY

Our hardy island race always takes a bit of defeating, and, above, some of it on the first day's jumping at Leicester. The frost stopped the second, and everyone was fair frozen on the first day also. As to personalities, of which there were plenty, W. Bissill, jumping specialist, trains two which are left in the National. Captain Peter Wiggin, a good performer over a country, is in the 11th Hussars and is a son of a hard-riding father, Brigadier-General E. A. Wiggin, formerly 13th. Two anxious wives are in the next picture with Fred Rickaby—but Gerry Wilson and T. Rimell survived the day without disaster and both rode winners. Mrs. Luke Lillingstone (formerly Lady Harrington) also had a husband who was in action, riding Nilus in the Quorn Hunt Steeplechase. Major Melles married that equally popular personality, the Baroness Burton. Mrs. Alec Marsh is the wife of a famous Corinthian; and Mrs. N. Birch, seen in conclave with another one, owns Cadumina, the mare that ran up in the Moderate Handicap Hurdle Race



THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY v. WEST HILL
GOLF MATCH AT WEST HILL

Oxford University won their match against West Hill when the two teams met recently. In the four-somes the result was a dead-heat, but in the singles Oxford won by seven to five. In the above photograph are seen the two captains—Major W. H. H. Aitken (West Hill) and N. J. Lawrie (Oxford)—who were opponents in the singles. The result was a win for the former

get nervous?" These and a whole host of other tom-fool questions they have to answer, each one of them a shaft, if they only knew it, that pierces their strongest armour of defence—which is their very ignorance of what they are doing and thinking.

I quote the case of Miss Nicoll because she made, if she is correctly quoted by the Press, a most enlightened comment, the full truth of which so many players of games—and I think it applies to all games—fail to grasp. Perhaps she did not even realise the complete significance of it herself. Having won the junior championship one night, she proceeded to give another brilliant display on the next night, when she won the adults' championship as well. Interviewed immediately afterwards, she said simply, "I played so well because I enjoyed it so much."

There, to my mind, you have one of the major secrets of success at all games—perhaps, if one may become serious for a second, the secret of success in life itself. Francis Ouimet was the first man whom I heard put this proposition. At least, I read it in one of his books, and later got him to confirm it in person. "After all," he said, "if you are playing, say, in the final of a championship or even of your club tournament, it's no use saying to yourself 'I am going to beat this fellow' or 'I am going to win this match.' That is a matter outside your control, because you cannot tell how your opponent is going to play. All you can reasonably determine is to give a good account of yourself—to play well yourself. And you'll find that the way to play well on a given occasion is to look forward to

CONCERNING GOLF By HENRY LONGHURST

I SUPPOSE that Miss Jean Nicoll, our latest tennis and what-we-used-to-call-ping-pong prodigy, has not yet reached that dangerous, often critical, stage through which every infant phenomenon has to pass, the stage when they begin to study the psychology of the sport at which they excel. It has ruined many a promising young golfer. "What do you think about at the top of the swing?" "Did you think you were going to win?" "Don't you

it, to be determined to enjoy it when it comes." How true that is! How often I have watched to-morrow's finalists pacing up and down like spectres. "I wonder if I shall win?" is their only thought. Often they come to me, hoping for a scrap of comfort. "Did you see him play to-day? They tell me he is playing wonderfully." I never know what to reply. There's no one I loathe more than the fellow who says "Oh, you'll beat him all right." On the other hand, if you tell the poor fellow that the other man is right on the top of his form and practically unbeatable, it only confirms his worst suspicions and gives him a more uneasy night than ever. No; it is no use worrying about the other fellow in this or any other game. You've got enough troubles of your own.

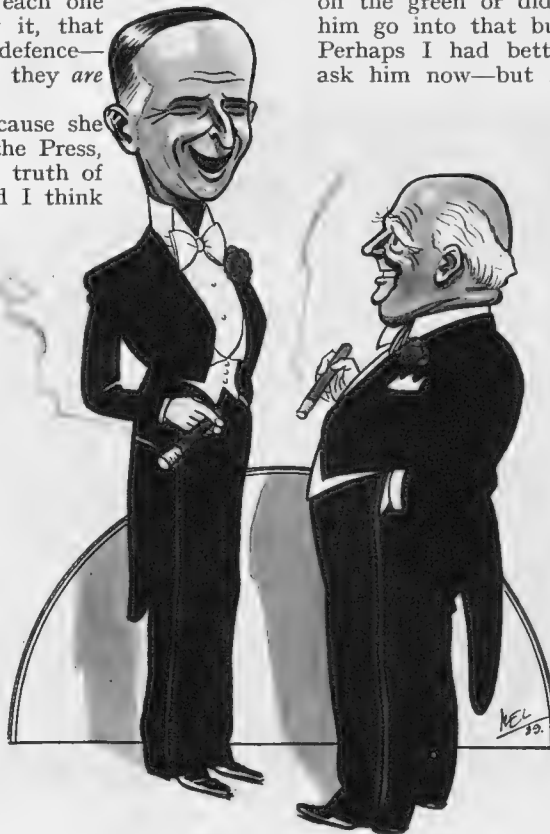
You can see how true is this principle if you apply it to individual strokes. When do you play your best shots? Why, when you have stood up to the ball and thought "My word, what a lovely shot! Perfect lie; just enough wind to make it interesting; narrow green—real satisfaction if I get on it. What an excellent course this is, to be sure; *how I am enjoying this!*" That's the moment when you play the high cut-up spoon that drops like an egg four feet from the flag.

Easier said than done, of course, like most wise words of instruction to golfers. Play the same shot in a crisis, and it does not occur to you till afterwards what a beautiful day it is. Your mind runs something like this: "I wonder if I should do better to play safe with an iron? Is he on the green or did I see him go into that bunker? Perhaps I had better not ask him now—but I wish



THE BAR GOLF CAPTAIN

Mr. I. L. Cohen, who has been nominated by the committee for the captaincy of the Bar Golfing Society, in succession to the Rt. Hon. Lord Justice Scott, who retired by rule



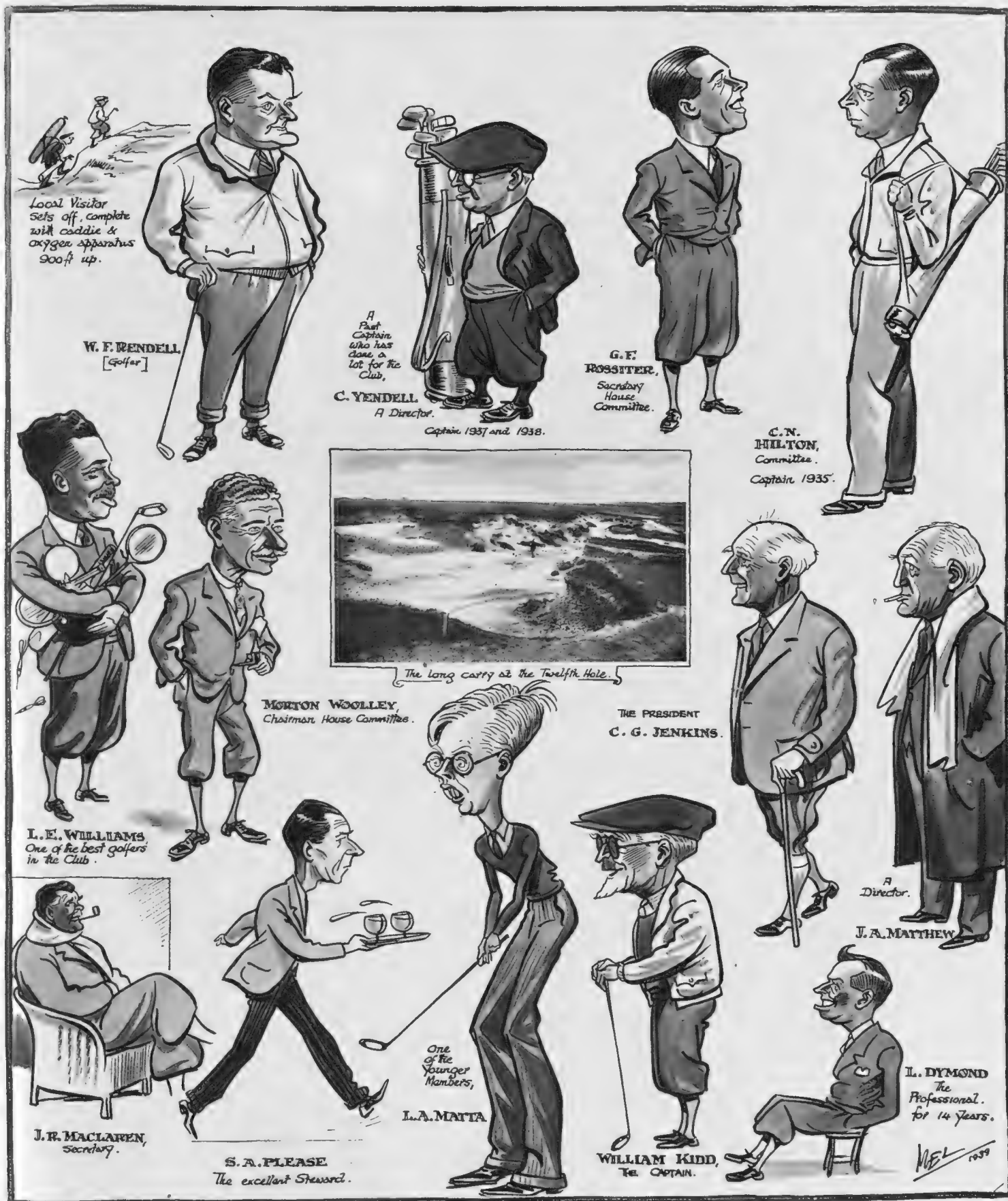
TWO HARD-WORKING GOLF SECRETARIES

Commander R. T. C. Roe, R.N., is secretary of the Professional Golfers' Association, and Major A. Whitley Lavarack, M.C., secretary of the English Golf Union. The former Association was formed in 1901 to promote interest in the game of golf, to advance the mutual interests of its members, and to encourage young members. The English Golf Union was founded in 1924, and embraces 33 County Unions and 1098 affiliated clubs

I knew, all the same. I *must* get this on the green somehow: it may be the turning-point of the match. Hell, I wish I'd thought of that afterwards, instead of just before I played it. Still, here goes!" And we all know where that one finished. It finished on the far, downward slope of the back of the bunker on the right of the green. The other man was not on the green, after all; but he is lucky to find a lie in the rough, pitches up dead, and wins the hole with a four that he would not have got if you had put your second on the green.

Is that an exaggeration? Do you dare to stand before the bar and swear that these thoughts and these circumstances have not occurred to you? Come, come, sir!

GOLF CLUBS AND GOLFERS



TEIGNMOUTH GOLF CLUB—BY "MEL"

The best feature of the Teignmouth Golf Club is the magnificence of its situation. It is laid out on the tableland of Little Haldon, the more than 800 feet above the River Teign. From the fairways of the outward half one looks down on the town of Teignmouth, the estuary of the Teign, and the coast of Devon as far as Berry Head. From the inward holes there is a wonderful view of the estuary of the Exe, and on a clear day the coast as far as Portland Bill is visible. To the west is Dartmoor, with Hay Tor, Saddle Tor, and Rippon Tor "on view." The course, which was laid out in 1924, is very sporting indeed. A heather course, with lovely, springy turf and good greens that always play well. There are some 300-odd members (not as odd as all that!), who will make the visitor welcome when he is lucky enough to be in this beautiful part of England

FROM THE SHIRES AND PROVINCES—(Contd. from p. 238)

From the Pytchley.

A deep depression centred over the Midlands, large areas of snow and floods extending from east to west of the Pytchley domain, roads blocked and communication by telephone impossible: what a winter! And still the weather prophets predict more ice and snow on the way. To brighten prospects, the very widespread rumours of our next season's Masters are evidently going to turn out true. It sounds like a fairy-tale that all should be arranged so successfully.

Only one day's hunting has been possible since the last instalment, Friday, at Chapel Brampton. Very few people out to take part in the brilliant hunt from the Heath into the Grafton country to Blisworth. The winter festivities seem to have come to an end. The only bright spot on the horizon is the tale of a pay-party being organised in February by some of the brighter young-marrieds of the country.

From the York and Ainsty.

This last week has been one of cold north winds, waterlogged fields and pretty good scent, on the whole, for both packs. Monday (January 23) saw the Northerners at Thorpe Underwood; and though it was a somewhat local day—all within an area about two miles by three—hounds, as usual, worked very well and caught a brace of foxes in the open. The first, found in Hammerton Wood, was killed after a short burst past Green Hammerton Hall; likewise the Saffron Wood fox; whilst the last fox of the day, from Carlton Wood, gave a capital forty-five minutes in a right-handed ring before defeating hounds. From Appleton Roebuck on Tuesday (24th) the South pack first had a sharp ten-minutes' spin from Stone Bridge cover at Nun Appleton, followed by a very good and long hunt from the Sicklepit, during which hounds covered at least thirteen miles in two hours ten minutes, with a five-mile point, the fox finally beating them below Bilbrough.

Thursday (Sessay Station, South pack) resulted in yet another good-scenting day, with hunts of forty-five minutes and one hour forty-five minutes, the latter being a big left-handed ring from Sessay Wood out to Hushwaite and back again; whilst Major Holliday and his North pack, meeting at Goldsborough on the same date, had a very good woodland day, hounds being on the go the whole time.

The South pack met at Hagg Bridge on Saturday (28th) and had a very long and very twisty hunt all round Melbourne, followed by another in the late afternoon round Harlthorpe and Foggathorpe. The ground was in a terrible state: it's some years since it has been quite as deep. The Northerners had a capital "permission" day from Killinghall in the Bramham country. On this same day there passed away one of our oldest and most respected members, Colonel Wilfrid Stanyforth, who had hunted with the York and Ainsty for the greater part of a long life and had latterly been chairman of the Y. and A. (North) Committee. He was spared a long illness and was able to shoot and hunt almost to the end; it was only last year that he and Mrs. Stanyforth celebrated their golden wedding, and they were presented with a gold fox by their hunting friends.

From Lincolnshire.

Hunting is now being carried on with the greatest difficulty, for there are floods here, there, and everywhere, and both horses and hounds are having a gruelling time.

The deeper the country gets, the better hounds seem to run. The Belvoir met at Thorpe Latimer—one of their widest fixtures—on January 27, when Mr. and Mrs. Robert Watts fortified all and sundry with the best from their wine-cellar for the pounding day which followed. Everybody was pleased to see George in the saddle again, after his nasty fall earlier in the week, and he must have felt very sore when a halt was called at Braceby Wood. Hounds had then been running for two hours with hardly a check. There was a lot of grief, and many went home with well-defined maps of the country on their backs. The Blankney Vale is still like a vast inland sea, and on January 28 they were obliged to change their meet to higher ground. Two tip-top gallops over the lighter heath-land were marked features of a hard day.

From the Grafton.

It is only possible to write a very short letter this week, as owing (to put it mildly) to the inclemency of the weather, very little hunting has been possible. A further case of the dreaded spectre, foot-and-mouth, has occurred, three-quarters of a mile only from the last outbreak, which again puts the ban on certain districts, including a large area of the Friday country. They hunted on Monday from Church Charwelton, easily the most unpleasant day of the season, with a biting wind. Doubtless because of this, all the foxes were twisty instead of running straight. They drew Spencer's Gorse, but ran their fox a few fields to

ground. Drawing Captain Marcus Pelham's coverts blank, they found in the adjacent Hinton Gorse. Running out and back again, they crossed the road the second time and ran through Byfield Village and to ground near Priors Marston. They then drew Gander-ton blank. A most immaculately-dressed young officer was noticed galloping up a field near by and straight into a bog, covering himself with mud! Ashby Gorse was the next stronghold, where they found and ran out to Plumpton and back. Very little further was done, owing to the fox being headed on all sides. From their Horton fixture on Saturday they had a poor day, owing to the persistent north-east wind and consequent lack of scent.



Truman Howell

AT THE SOUTH CHESHIRE HUNT BALL: JOE WRIGHT, VETERAN HUNTSMAN, AND MR. AND MRS. PAT MOSELEY

Joe Wright is one of the most famous huntsmen of all times and Mr. Pat Moseley is a former noted gentleman rider and comes of a very old Cheshire family. Joe Wright was huntsman to the Cheshire Hunt for twenty-one years and on his retirement was presented with a cheque for over £1200 from members of the Hunt

Beaufort and Gloucestershire Gleanings.

A very large field turned up on Tuesday at Knockdown

and the major part of the day was spent in and around Silk Wood and a leash of foxes paid the penalty. Back again to very wintry conditions, and they made hunting impossible on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, but we were able to make a late start on Monday from Foxley, and even if the going was a bit tricky we enjoyed a busy day's sport in the top country, mostly devoted to the Cliffe Pytaird, as the Vale was very waterlogged. From all accounts, a huge crowd is expected at the Hunt Ball on Friday at the Assembly Rooms at Bath. The Berkeley have been having capital sport, and the hunt from Northwick with an eight-mile point was the best for many seasons, horses and hounds standing up to it well in the heavy going. Tuesday at Elmore was a very useful day, but if one had followed hounds all the way a boat would have been necessary! The V.W.H.s have at last been able to resume after over three weeks' stoppage, and both had good days on Tuesday in their stone-wall country. We hear that a satisfactory Joint has been forthcoming to join the Earl, and this has pleased everyone, whilst the Cricklade have yet another change of Mastership, Major Alec Mitchell, of Poulton Priory, coming as joint-Master next season.

MY SON AND I

Mrs. Mark Pilkington lets the camera have a look at Simon



MRS. MARK PILKINGTON AND SIMON

The former Miss Susan Henderson, delightful to look at and charming to know, has been happily married since 1936, and a devoted mother for nearly a year. On the last day of March, young Simon will be one, and that he will have a proper birthday-party, complete with contemporaries, cake and candle, goes without saying. Mrs. Mark Pilkington, whose mother married Sir Murrough Wilson in 1934, is a cousin, through her father, the late Major the Hon. Alec Henderson, of Lord Faringdon. Her good-looking young husband is the son of Mr. Hubert Pilkington, and belongs to a popular Lancashire clan, many of whose members have now migrated south. The Mark Pilkingtons live in London, at 21, Cheyne Walk, a very desirable residence, which has a lovely garden

Photographs: Lenare, Hanover Square

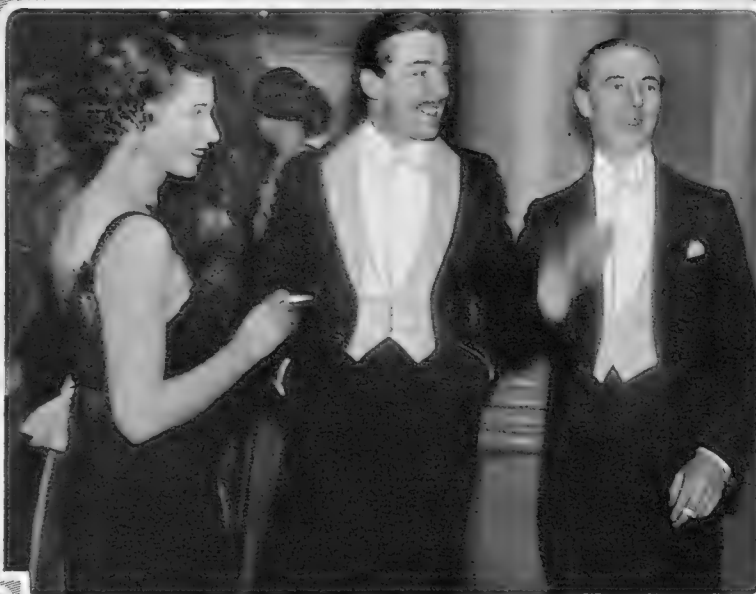


SIMON TAKES THE BUSINESS OF BEING PHOTOGRAPHED SOMEWHAT SERIOUSLY

THE TEDWORTH HUNT WIRE FUND BALL



CAPTAIN E. G. V. NORTHEY,
K.R.R.C., AND MRS. NORTHEY



MISS RIGG WITH THE HON. CHRISTOPHER BECKETT
AND CAPTAIN J. PRICE (BOTH 9th LANCERS)



MR. GERALD PALMER, M.P.,
AND MRS. DAVID DREW



COLONEL T. H. SEBAG-
MONTEFIORE AND MRS.
REVELL-SMITH

Salisbury Plain personalities rolled up in fine force to the Officers' Club at Tidworth for the Tedworth Hunt Wire and Poultry Ball, held on the last Friday in January. Captain R. H. Palmer, 12th Lancers, who took over the Mastership last season, apparently evaded the camera, but his brother, the Member for Winchester, will be found on this page, also two brother officers, Captain A. M. Horsbrugh-Porter, captain of the 12th Lancers' polo team, and Captain G. J. Kidston. Mrs. F. G. B. Arkwright is 12th Lancers by marriage, and Captain G. E.



MRS. FOX AND MR. VIGORS



CAPTAIN G. E. PRIOR-PALMER,
MRS. J. R. MACDONELL, CAPTAIN
HORSBRUGH-PORTER AND MRS.
ARKWRIGHT

Prior-Palmer plays polo for the 9th; Mrs. Michael Fox's husband, Captain W. M. Fox, Coldstream Guards, is A.D.C. to the G.O.C. Southern Command (Lieut.-General A. P. Wavell); and Mr. R. de C. Vigors, 5th Inniskilling D.G.s, is A.D.C. to Major-General Evans, Commander of the Mobile Division, of which Captain E. G. V. Northey's battalion of the 60th (the 2nd) is a unit. Lieut.-Colonel T. H. Sebag-Montefiore, R.A., is at present on half-pay. Mr. Denys Lowson, who is married to Lord Strathcarron's sister, is a barrister, and Hon. Treasurer of the Princess Louise Hospital for Children

Photographs: Truman Howell



CAPTAIN G. J. KIDSTON AND
MISS D. KEANE



MR. AND THE HON. MRS. LOWSON

A CALIFORNIAN ROUNDAABOUT



MR. SCOTT MARTIN AND
Mlle. HÉLÈNE - MARIE
DE LIMUR



AT THE BURLINGAME CLUB: MISS
MARY WARREN, MRS. DAMON WACK
AND MRS. JOHN L. BRADLEY



MR. NIGEL BRUCE AND
MR. AIDAN ROARK



MORE AT THE BURLINGAME COUNTRY CLUB: MRS. ROBERT
MILLER, MRS. EDMUNDS LYMAN, THE COMTESSE ANDRÉ DE
LIMUR, MRS. HENRY P. RUSSELL AND MRS. CHARLES CROCKER



THE COMTE ANDRÉ DE LIMUR AND LADY
TENNYSON AT THE CROCKER MANSION, NEW
PLACE, NEAR 'FRISCO

Golfers and polo-players and famous Californian socialites are all represented in this collection gathered in the first-class sunshine, which appears to be always on tap in those parts. Mlle. Hélène-Marie de Limur, daughter of Comte and Comtesse André de Limur, was the guest of the night at the ball her parents gave for her at the splendid Crocker mansion, New Place, which is not far from San Francisco. She is to be presented this season and another ball is to be given for her in London. The Comte André de Limur, seen with the wife of our foremost cricketing peer, is a familiar friend to London society, as he was attached to the French Embassy for some years. In the centre top meet, amongst others, Miss Mary Warren, who has recently announced her engagement to Mr. Paul Fagan, Jr., and Mrs. Damon Wack, whose husband and his brother are polo fanatics. The news (from Cal.) is that we are going to play Aidan Roark, brother of Pat, in our International team—for sure—and the Americans think that we ought to play Pat also. Mr. Nigel Bruce, in the picture with him, only brother of Sir Michael Bruce, is the doyen of Hollywood's English colony

ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

By ALAN BOTT



LEO to Gilda: "The actual facts are so simple. I love you. You love me. You love Otto. I love Otto. Otto loves you. Otto loves me. There now! start to unravel from there." So far, so simple and familiar. It explains *Design for Living* as an equilateral triangle of which the base is Gilda's capacity for loving two men at the same time; and at the apex, what will male friendship do then, poor thing? Since Mr. Noel Coward is the author, and describes his work as a comedy, the triangle will glitter and be not too brittle. Only, it was the Noel Coward of seven or eight years ago; and hence the rather shrill instance of the characters that, since they are artists, theirs is a peculiar triangle not subject to the laws of any bourgeois Euclid.

Gilda, in the first Act, is living with Otto in his Paris studio. When an art dealer called Ernest asks why they don't marry, she declares that she doesn't like children and doesn't want a home; that to be tied legally would be repellent to them both; and that

as for Ernest, beneath his worldly wisdom he is a respectable little old woman in a jet bonnet. Otto being away, she has bedded down with Leo on his return from writing successful plays in America. It was "inevitable," since they all loved each other so much. Leo, in fact, decides that however painful the situation, Otto has no right to be hurt and grieved: all that happened was an unpremeditated roll in the hay, which they enjoyed very much, so there! Otto may slam himself out of the door, having called Leo a cheap opportunist and much else; but, bless him!—they know he doesn't really mean it. They know he will pop up again; and Otto duly pops when Gilda is living with Leo in London and inclined to marry him if only he were not so pleased with success.

Aria da capo. Otto to Gilda (Leo being away for the night): "We are different. Our lives are diametrically opposed to ordinary social conventions and it's no use grabbing at those conventions to hold us up when we find we're in deep water. . . . We've jilted them and eliminated them, and we've got to find our own solutions for our own peculiar moral problems." And Otto, again: "We're not doing harm to anyone else. We're not peppering the world with illegitimate children. The only people we could possibly mess up are ourselves, and that's our look-out. . . . A gay, ironic chance threw the three of us together and tied our lives into a tight knot at the outset. To deny it would be ridiculous and to unravel it impossible. Therefore, the only thing left is to enjoy it thoroughly, every rich moment

of it, every thrilling second—" The refrain of unconventionality and all that continues after Leo has learned of Otto's night with Gilda. Leo: "How vile of you! How unutterably vile of you both!" Otto: "It was inevitable." And they proceed, since Gilda has run away (leaving a farewell note for each) to get tremendously drunk together: they will astonish their insides as well as the bourgeois. The insistent claim to peculiarity crops up again, with variations, when Gilda is comfortably married to Ernest, and spoiling the New York Egyptians as an interior decorator. Here, Leo and Otto break up a party in Gilda's pent-house, spend the night in absent Ernest's pyjamas, and tell him on his return that they have come to take Gilda away. Ernest: "Are you aware that she is my wife?" Otto: "Oh, don't be silly, Ernest!" Leo proceeds to lay down that Gilda could be married fifty times to Ernest and still not be his wife; and Gilda, having cried into cups of milk through most of the night, decides that she cannot possibly live without her buddies, that the three of them are all a piece and must live and die in their own way. They depart, presumably into a polyandrous future, where twice two are three, and two into one involves no vulgar fraction. Which is all very "different"; but pity the poor bourgeois. Despite the protest that their problem is theirs alone, and harms nobody else, they have certainly messed up Ernest. His exit, in a ridiculous fall upstairs, brings down the Curtain on a note of helpless, hysterical laughter from the Gay Three.

If that were all, it would be understandable why nearly seven years passed before Mr. Coward, after the New York run of *Design for Living*, let it be seen in our more hidebound city. But there is enough wit, humour and apt stagecraft to put over any amount of moral acrobatics; provided that the whole be played objectively, as a comedy of odd people. I assume that in writing it, the author had in mind the players who in New York were to be the ideal Gilda, Otto and Leo—Lynn Fontanne, Alfred Lunt and himself. These provided the right blend of insolence, ebullience and sheer artistry, to carry the so glib and self-conscious "peculiarity" of the characters into first-class comedy; even when, as in the pent-house party, it becomes a comedy



ARTISTS ASTONISHING
THEIR INSIDES: REX
HARRISON, ANTON
WALBROOK. (SMALL
FIGURE) PITY THE
POOR BOURGEOIS:
ALAN WEBB

of bad manners. But this Gilda at the Haymarket Theatre has no insolence and not enough ebullience. In consequence, her artistry often misses fire. Miss Diana Wynyard wears an aura of enchantment, but you never feel that it can turn into a bonnet to be thrown over erratic windmills; nor that her life is untidy and her desires vagrant. Her Gilda is not a charming, vital slut but a nice, spoiled child who, even in her mid-thirties, continues to strike attitudes for the romantic theme at which Otto has tried to jeer—Love Among the Artists. (Miss Wynyard, in fact, herself struck such an attitude when she declared to the Press that the play represented "Three Against the World"—whereas there is no evidence that the world at large was, or would be, against the three.) Mr. Rex Harrison is a suave, astringent, most persuasive Leo. Mr. Anton Walbrook's Otto is delectable and always adequate to the flamboyant rôle, except when his foreign accent has to cope with the occasional lush passages which suggest that the play's spiritual home is in the nineteen-twenties—"a flicker of ecstasy sandwiched between yesterday and to-morrow" . . . "something to deaden the sound of our emotional yellings and screechings and suffocate our psychological confusions." Mr. Alan Webb gives tact and authenticity to the thankless rôle of Ernest, until the final Curtain obliges him to grin down uncomfortably at the shrieking trio, like a death's head in a looney bin. Miss Diana Hamilton is amusing in a Cockney bit. Mr. Harold French, who produced the play for the Haymarket, was doubtless wise in not trying to imitate the New York original. He makes the most of the incidental humours: the second Act, with its climax in the drunk-scene, is as hilarious in the production as it is brilliant in the dialogue.

Priscilla in Paris

TRÈS CHER,—M. Gérard Bauer, the well-known dramatic critic, lecturer and, amongst many other things, the writer of those brilliant *Guermentes* articles in the *Figaro*, had some very charming things to say about an English writer whose works are as well known in France as in her own country, when he made Rosamund Lehmann the subject of his *causerie* at the Salle Gaveau on Friday afternoon. Evidently all feminine Paris does *not* spend its time only at the cinema and in the tea-shops between lunch and dinner, if one may judge from the crowd that filled the lecture-hall. I happened to be near the box-office when a somewhat loud-voiced young woman asked whether she might return one of her two seats. There was a rush, and a few seconds later she emerged, rather the worse for wear, from what had looked like a Rugger scrum, dazedly clutching a hundred-franc note but minus *both* her tickets! My seat was on the platform, where Mme. Gérard Bauer and many of the friends of the lecturer were also seated: Mme. Jager-Schmidt, who has made such excellent propaganda for France in the United States, where her lecture-tours have been so successful; her sister, the beautiful Mme. Roussy; M. André Rivollet, writer and critic and the author of so many stage biographies.

There was also Mme. Suzy Proust Mante, who, since the death of her father, Professor Proust, in 1935, presides over the Association of Les Amis de Marcel Proust and, with the aid of M. Paul Brach, has continued the editing of Marcel Proust's letters. Facing me, on the other side of the platform, was a Dark Unknown wearing one of the fashionably curtailed skirts that have been wished on us by the *grands couturiers* this season. Is anything uglier than the average female knee? I was hypnotised by the bony blobs that were displayed so generously, and more than ever welcomed the arrival of M. Bauer and Mlle. Vera Korène, of the Comédie Française, who read extracts from Mrs. Lehmann's novels, since they and the table, which was decorated with a sheaf of dark pink carnations as well as the traditional glass and water-bottle, successfully hid the unpleasant vision. Mlle. Korène's slim, sweeping frock of black satin, topped by an Eton jacket of Chinese red, reassured me that at least the Comédie Française knows how to dress on these occasions. M. Gérard Bauer speaks without notes in an easy, conversational manner and a grave, quiet voice that carries well, and he has the same, almost uncanny, understanding and knowledge of the sensibility and reserve of Rosamund Lehmann as he has of Katherine Mansfield, whose "Letters" are the *livre de chevet* of so many French women.

Some English friends of mine who have set up their tent in Paris are amazed at the high cost of living and tell me that they are "writing home to warn people." With the rate of exchange as it is, I don't think that the British colony has to worry overmuch, but my friends seem to think that the end of the world is in sight because they have to pay ten francs for a bundle of leeks. Personally, I can live without a leek in my daily menu, so I find it difficult to get all worked up about it and, anyway, why not look on the bright side of things and try to find some small consolation in the thought that, in 1797, a sack of spuds cost two hundred francs, while a pound of sugar could not be obtained for less than a hundred. We still have quite a way to travel before we touch those altitudes. The



GENEVIÈVE CALLIX EN ROUTE TO STARDOM

If this clever little creature is not very careful she will find herself a second Carbo before long. She has already two film hits to her credit—*Thérèse* and *Petite Peste*—and a great success she was in them, too. She is a blue-eyed blonde through and through, as the saying is—or isn't?



Photos.: Star Presse

Mlle. MONIQUE ROLLAND

Another clever youngster who, though barely out of her teens, has already played parts in revues by "Rip" at the Nouveautés. She was also one of the "petites Cardinales" in the musical play taken from the famous novel of that title. We should be hearing a lot more of her in the near future

pessimists are also painting grim pictures of the heart-rending scenes which are taking place on the Spanish border. The whole business is grim and sad enough, but one occasionally finds comic relief and one has sympathy for the *garde-mobile* who let a certain Italian volunteer slip across the frontier, *en route* for Marseilles, where he hoped to join up with the Foreign Legion, not because he was afraid of Mussolini, but because he knew that his wife was with Franco's army!

In a populous and extremely "red" quarter of Paris, the *Exposition de l'antibourgeoisie* has been opened. The chief exhibits, which are supposed to strike horror into the hearts of the proletariat, are bridge tables, top-hats, kid gloves, cocktail-shakers (presumably the purists prefer to take their absinthe straight out of the bottle), the novels of Paul Bourget, and, of all things, fishing-rods!

Sacha Guitry's engagement to Mlle. de Séraisille, who is some thirty-four or five years his junior, has been officially announced and, just as officially, Sacha has declared that, for matrimonial purposes, he is through, finished, and done with actresses. He must have had something of a shock, therefore, when he discovered that his young fiancée, wishing to give him a pleasant surprise, had joined one of the classes of the Conservatoire of Dramatic Art. It seems that she has since resigned, but nevertheless the betting brigade holds that by this time next year the critics will have yet another immature leading lady to damn or laud, and this may be a pity, since, of recent years, 'tis the acting and not the play that counts with Sacha.

PRISCILLA.

CHASING THE STARS AROUND



ANN SHERIDAN, WHO PLAYED THE GUNMAN'S MOLL
IN "ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES"



DOROTHY DICKSON WILL BE SEEN IN THE FILM
OF SANDHURST LIFE, "SWORD OF HONOUR"



Meet some of the leads in present, past, and future films. Do you remember Ann Sheridan, who played James Cagney's girl-friend so well in *Angels with Dirty Faces*? Well, you will see her again in *Single Lady* and *Dodge City*. Dorothy Dickson is taking a big part in *Sword of Honour*, a story about life at the R.M.C. Gladys Swarthout is plenty tough in her latest picture, *Ambush*. She is a go-getting secretary who plays a big part in rounding up the gang which has robbed the bank where she works. Attractive Shirley Ross is in the new Paramount production, *Café Society*, in which Madeleine Carroll plays the lead

LEFT: GLADYS SWARTHOUT WEARING THE LAST WORD IN FURS FOR PARAMOUNT'S "AMBUSH"

RIGHT: SHIRLEY ROSS TAKES A LEADING RÔLE IN "CAFÉ SOCIETY"



SOCIETY OCCASIONS IN THE U.S.A.



SUPPING ONE NIGHT IN NEW YORK: MRS. WILLIAM RHINELANDER STEWART, MR. PIERPONT MORGAN HAMILTON, LADY HARCOURT AND MR. ROBERT MONTGOMERY



ALSO MRS. WILLIAM T. WETMORE AND LORD HARCOURT



AT A CHICAGO DRESS SHOW: MRS. WILLIAM McILVAINE, JR., AND MRS. KIMBALL SALISBURY



SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE, MRS. LEANDER McCORMICK AND MISS GERTRUDE LAWRENCE



ANOTHER CHICAGO OCCASION: MRS. HOWARD LINN AND MRS. ARTHUR CABLE

Well-knowns in New York and in the world's third biggest city, Chicago, also one or two from our side of the Atlantic, are displayed in this page. Lord and Lady Harcourt, she being a daughter of the late Lord Ebury, were at a big supper-party in the famous Sert Room at the Waldorf-Astoria. Lord Harcourt's mother is a daughter of Mr. William Hayes Burns, of New York, so he was more or less in his home town. Mrs. William T. Wetmore, who was hit by the same camera, is the former Miss Joan Deery, of Boston. The other group includes that popular movie-star, Robert Montgomery. As to the Chicago pictures, Mrs. Kimball Salisbury, who is so well known in the horse-show ring, and Mrs. McIlvaine, who has ridden at Olympia and won the U.S. Hunter Championship on Brockway, were acting as mannequins at a lunch-time dress-show. Cedric Hardwicke and Gertrude Lawrence, whose tremendously successful tour in *The Shadow and the Substance* included Chicago, were the guests of Mrs. Byron Harvey, one of this burg's best-known hostesses. Mrs. Howard Linn, who has a flair for producing French plays at the Chicago State Theatre and the talent to act in them, came over and hunted with us from Melton for two seasons, and is now hunting in Virginia.



"Mais oui, Monsieur—"

WILLS'S GOLD FLAKE IS THE MAN'S
CIGARETTE THAT WOMEN LIKE



A WATCHED PO
By C.



NEVER BOILS

CLER

IN HAWAII ONE DRINKS YWERA... ★



...WHEN ONE CAN'T GET
Schweppees

★ The South Sea Islanders distil the spirit Ywera from a sticky juice extracted from the roots of the *Dracoena*, a plant very much like our beet. But when they're dead-beet, they send their wives for cool, clear, bubbling Schweppees.

WHEREVER YOU ARE...THE BEST CLASS BAR SERVES Schweppees

THE SOUTHWOLD HAVE A DANCE DATE



MRS. M. BENNETT AND LT.-COMDR. NICOLAY
APPEAR TO FIND THE FLOOR COMFORTABLE



MRS. T. JESSOP, SIR ARCHIBALD AND LADY WEIGALL,
AND MR. FOX POSE FOR THE CAMERA



MISS PAMELA DAVIES AND SQUADRON-
LEADER W. V. STAINTHORPE SIT OUT



DR. T. F. GREENWOOD HAS A WORD
WITH THE MASTER, MISS E. ADAMS



VISCOUNTESS
CURZON,
MISS ELLER-
BECK AND
DR. BOYS



THE CAMERA INTERRUPTS LORD HENEAGE
AND THE HON. MRS. EASTWOOD

Depressions may come and depressions may go, but Hunt Balls go on for ever, and one of the latest to come to notice is the Southwold, which was held at the Petwood Hotel, Woodhall Spa. Miss Ena Adams now has these hounds on her own, her joint—her father—having given up at the end of last season. Parties were brought from all round and about, and it can be truthfully said that a good time was had by one and all. Among those in this gallery are Mrs. Bennett and Commander Nicolay, who is serving in "Iron Duke." This part of the world is not new to Sir Archibald Weigall, as he sat for the Horncastle Division of Lincolnshire from 1911 to 1918, and for the Horncastle Division of Lindsey from 1918 to 1920. He was created a Baronet in 1938. The Master, Miss Ena Adams, brought a party from Minting House, and she and Dr. Greenwood are seen above taking a little refreshment. Lady Curzon, who is the daughter of Sir Archibald and Lady Weigall, married Lord Howe's son by his first marriage, in 1935. Lord Heneage is a D.L. and J.P. for Lincolnshire, and is Chairman of its Territorial Association; and with him is his sister, the Hon. Mrs. Eastwood. The group at the bottom, whose names have not been designated, appear to have been getting a good kick out of that vastly overrated amusement known as the "Palais Glide"



A GROUP OF VERY CHEERFUL DANCERS GETTING A GREAT AMOUNT
OF PLEASURE OUT OF THE "PALAIS GLIDE"



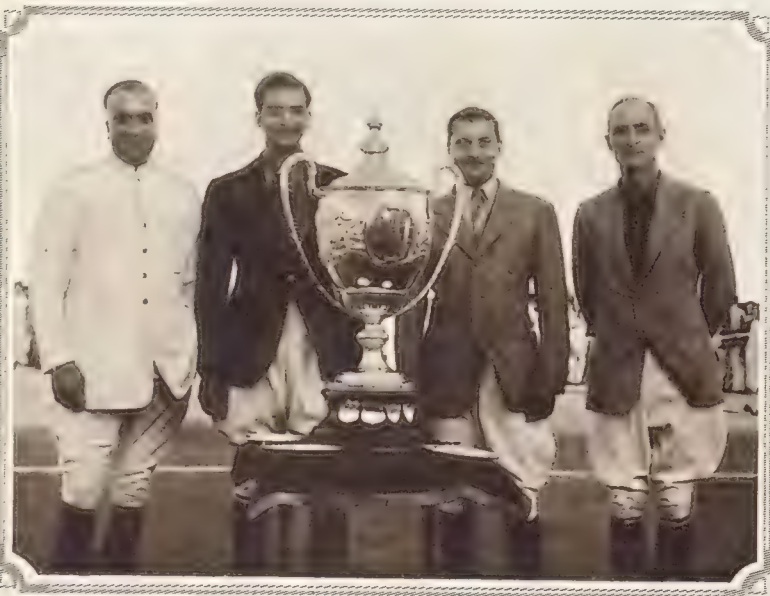
THE HALDON HARRIERS—ON A FOX-HUNTING DAY!

The information is that on this day these all-white harriers were occupied in dusting the jacket of "bowd reynards." Whether this is true or not we make no offer. The tryst was at Oakford Lawn, Newton Abbot

The names in the group, which includes the Master, are (l. to r.) (back): Mr. L. Sharland and Mrs. Kindersley; (front) Miss Valerie and Miss Wendy Henley, Captain Ferrier, Mr. Lloyd Bucknall (the Master), Miss Jean Henley, Captain A. S. Evans (hon. sec.), Miss Wendy Gaze, Mrs. A. S. Evans, Miss Pam Henley, and Miss Shorrocks

THE Rules of the Box Fight are very simple and understandable, even by those who are sometimes called "punch-drunk." There are only two (according to some hyper-optimists): (1) a straight left on the "mark"—or, some will have it, the solar plexus; and (2) an upper-cut with the right to the point, or left side of the chin. The fight is then over, and the opponent is carried out of the ring by the corpse-bearers. Those are the rules; but as you, and possibly even I, know, it is not always as simple as all that. The question which must always obtrude itself in all kinds of warfare is: "What's the other chap doing all this time?" I think that it is a question that might engage the attention of the people whom Sir Samuel Hoare calls "jitter-bugs." For "mark," read "London."

Very learned counsel has cross-counteracted Sir Samuel and said that there are no "jitter-bugs," and that if his opponent has found any, he must have brought them with him. Of course, that is not strictly correct, for these bugs have existed from the



KASHMIR WIN THE WESTERN INDIA POLO CHAMPIONSHIP IN BOMBAY

H.H. the Maharajah of Kashmir, who is no stranger to London polo, is to be congratulated on annexing the Western India Championship, and his team, as the names well display, was a corking good one. L. to r.: H.H. the Maharajah of Kashmir, H.H. the Maharajah of Jaipur, Rao Rajah Hanut Singh, and Major-General Nawab Khusru Jung

Pictures in the Fire

days of Lars Por-sena of Clusium onwards (and also backwards). And be it remembered that the Tarquinian army was a very fine fighting force—yet it contained a gent named False Sextus. But Learned Counsel is quite right when he suggests that the Yaller Dogs are very few and far between. There always will be people who see a coffin in every candle. The best thing for all these people to do is to stop talking, particu-

larly about war. Those who have encountered the filthy stench of the thing never want even to hear the word again. It is only the people who have not who talk so glibly about it.

There was once a chap whom we used to call "The Dumb Jockey," because that was just what he was. He was mad keen to ride winners out of sheer conceit—but he preferred contests where it was a case of all four feet on the ground. Anything in the way of an obstacle in the path fair gave him the creeps. He was the classic example of the "jitter-bug."

One time, however, he got the chance of a stone-cold sitter in a jump race, on a horse named "The Stepper," the kind you couldn't pull down with a rope, as the saying is. The steed was trained by a man called "Mike the Moonlighter" (ex-Bisley marksman on landlords). As Mike led "The Dumb 'Un" out, the dry-mouthed and blanched jockey leant over and said: "Mike, do you think I'll get round?" Mike was up and at him at once, and said: "By the Great Gun of Athlone, what in hell are ye doin' up there at all if ye don't think so?"

And, believe me, "The Dumb 'Un" pulled that good horse down. Clear case of jitters. If Mike had looked in his jockey's eyes before he had



Abery

THE FIRST OF THE SEASON

Mr. Higgins with the 20-pounder he killed on the upper reaches of the Wye, in Mr. Home Kidston's water at Tycelyn Aberedw. Mr. Higgins also caught the first Wye salmon last year. Good work!



Hood

A PROUD MOMENT AT EILDON HALL, ROXBURGHSHIRE

Margaret Duchess of Buccleuch with Lord and Lady William Scott and their only daughter. Eildon is the house in those romantic Eildon Hills where the Faerie Queen is supposed to be hiding. Lord William Scott, like some more of the family, is a 10th Hussar (now retired)

By "SABRETACHE"



EXCELLENCIES IN BOMBAY

H.E. Lady Lumley, wife of the Governor of Bombay, with her son and H.E. Lady Linlithgow at the garden-party Lady Linlithgow, founder of the King George V. Anti-Tuberculosis Fund, gave to the helpers and workers in that excellent cause

going to get that hideous International Polo Cup back from America, I feel sure that the impending publication of a book on that intriguing game, polo, upon new lines, will be an event of more than ordinary



THE STANTON HARCOURT SHOOT

A group of some well-known members of this shoot, and amongst them, as the information goes, some highly expert gun-men, also a racing owner of note, Mr. H. A. Steele (Macaulay, the National horse, is his). The names (l. to r.) are: Mr. J. D. Swithin, Mr. E. Cuvvill, Mr. R. Blake, Mr. H. Mason, Mr. B. Page, Mr. L. N. Mills, Captain C. G. Chandler, Mr. H. Boswell, Captain P. E. Tickler, Mr. P. Blake, Mr. H. A. Steele and Mr. J. S. Beaumont

thrown him up into the saddle, he would have seen how things were and taken him off at once. The eye is the infallible test.

* * *
At a moment when some people who do not believe in war are thinking, or ought to be thinking, of how we are

interest. I do not know what title Colonel Charles Gairdner, C.O. 10th Hussars, has decided upon, but whatever the cover may say, the stuff inside is going to be first class. The author himself knows all about his subject, as the polo world knows, but, what is better, he knows how to pass that knowledge on. Plenty of people know things; very few know how to teach. The idea in this book is to collect ideas, and in the contributors' list, in addition to Lord Kimberley (ex-Old Cantab and ex-International) who writes the foreword, are Colonel Vivian Lockett (ex-International), Colonel "Shabash" Melvill (ditto), Lord Louis Mountbatten, Chairman of the Hurlingham Polo Committee and the skipper of that fine R.N. team which nearly won the Inter-Regimental in 1936, and some other leading lights. The book is in six sections, the earlier ones taking on the origin of this ancient game, the middle bit, instructional, and the latter half, modern history, International teams, Rajahs' teams, Inter-Regimental ones, with famous matches; and, finally, famous individuals, memoirs by people who knew them, or, if alive, by the actors themselves—Dev. Milburn, Leslie Cheape; and, lastly, personal experiences by people who are, or who have been, in the pit, as you might say. It looks like a lot of work to me!

(Continued on page 276)



CELEBS AT PALM BEACH, FLA.

Waiting their turn on the Palm Beach Country Club links: Captain Cecil Boyd Rochfort, easily Newmarket's most famous trainer, who everyone hopes will "play the horses" with renewed success this season, and it is quite likely that he will; Mrs. Laddie Sanford and Mr. Dorland Doyle. Laddie Sanford, as there is no need to remind most people, is the popular American polo crack



THE BRITISH CHAMBER OF COMMERCE ANNUAL BANQUET IN BRUSSELS

Some of the leading lights who attended this always important function held annually in the capital of Belgium

Left to right in the picture are: H.E. the Rt. Hon. Sir Robert Clive, the British Ambassador; Sir Adolphe Max, Burgomaster of Brussels; the Rt. Hon. R. S. Hudson, Under-Secretary, Department of Overseas Trade; Mr. W. P. W. Wrathall, President, the British Chamber of Commerce in Belgium; and M. G. Barnich, Minister of Economic Affairs in Belgium

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

"JOHN," said the parson to his gardener, "sometimes I have had to reprove you for using strong language. But just now I want you to go over to Jones, the jobbing mason, and settle this bill of seven pounds ten shillings for repairing the vicarage chimney. And you might talk to him, John, as if it were your own bill!"

"Daddy, what is inertia?" asked the small boy. "Well," replied his father, "if I have it, it's pure laziness; but if your mother has it, it's nervous prostration."

A minister and his wife were discussing two men who were in the news.

"Yes," said the minister, "I knew them both as boys. One was a clever, handsome fellow; the other a steady, hard worker. The clever lad was left behind in the race, but the hard worker—well, he died and left sixty thousand pounds to his widow. It's a great moral."

"Yes," replied his wife, with a smile, "it is. I heard this morning that the clever one is going to marry the widow."

Holding a bottle of tea, he clambered down into the trench. His foot slipped on the wet clay, and in flinging out his arms to maintain his balance he crashed the bottle against a cement mixer.

After looking glumly at the neck of the bottle left in his hand, he let loose a stream of language at the offending mixing machine. The men round him stared in silent envy for a time, then one of them said:

"Three cheers for Bill! 'E's just launched the ——— mixer."

The aeroplane was droning along over the level plains of India when the new pilot noticed that they were losing both speed and height. He glanced at his companion at the controls, who seemed quite unperturbed, and then round at the sky to find some reason for this irregularity.

Suddenly, as they passed through a cloud, a small, dark-skinned boy stepped briskly into the 'plane.

"What on earth?" gasped the pilot.

His companion grinned. "Just a little side-line of mine," he said, cheerfully. "You see, Ahmed there and his father work the rope-trick. When he reaches the top he waits for me on the nearest cloud. I pick him up and land him. They give me ten per cent. of the takings."



MADELEINE CARROLL IN "CAFÉ SOCIETY"

This Paramount star of the first magnitude has recently been on vacation in Paris after completing their latest picture, *Café Society*, in which she takes the rôle of one of those haughty beauties with no parents, but only a grandfather with ten million dollars. Early in the picture she gets married to the hero (Fred MacMurray), and settles down to a life of bickering and misunderstanding. On her return to Hollywood Madeleine Carroll is going to appear in a new film entitled *Air Raid*, the story of which deals with an imaginary war and, most strange to relate, not necessarily in Europe but where?

A recruit, smoking a cigarette, walked past a major without saluting. The major called him back.

"Are you not aware that you should always salute an officer?" he asked, sternly.

"Yes, sir," replied the recruit, "but the sergeant told me never to salute with a cigarette in me mouth."

A Cockney child was showing a visitor round some miniature garden plots forming part of a scheme planned by benevolent educationists to provide school children with the means of enjoying, as well as usefully employing, some of their leisure moments.

When they came to one patch, the child guide explained: "This is my 'obby. 'Ow I 'ates it!"

During the war a regiment was in rest billets in a village behind the line. At one end was a large pool of water with a board "Mine," sticking up. Returning from route-march they saw a man from another unit having a bath in it. They shouted, pointed to the board and asked if he hadn't seen it.

The reply came promptly from the bather: "Corse. Read me own writin', can't I?"



LILLI PALMER, THE CONTINENTAL STAR OF "LITTLE LADYSHIP"

The Ian Hay comedy, which has been adapted from the Hungarian, had its première at the Strand Theatre last week, and has now settled down, we hope, to a long and successful run. Lilli Palmer plays the part of the seventeen-year-old heroine, the wife of an eminent specialist, who decides to return to school. Cecil Parker takes the part of the husband. This play has been an enormous success in 400 European cities, and was first produced in Vienna two years ago. Lilli Palmer has also been making a film with the title of *A Girl Must Live*, with Margaret Lockwood, George Robey, and Naunton Wayne also in the cast.



Vanity Fair by Bear Brand

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A Rugby Letter : By "HARLEQUIN"

DEAR TATLER—

WE are well away with the international season now, and next Saturday the ever-popular Irish side will be seen at Twickenham. The Irishmen are always the last to start and the first to finish in their international campaign, and usually manage to bring off their three matches within a month. They have not had the best of luck lately, for England have won six games out of the last seven, but just before that it must be remembered that the Irishmen won two consecutive matches at Twickenham, a feat which no other country has accomplished. Last year's game was played, as usual, at Dublin, and will not be forgotten yet, since it was the typical example of crazy Rugby. The actual score was: England, six goals, one penalty goal and one try, to Ireland's one goal and three tries; or 36 points to 14. The actual play was by no means so one-sided as the score might indicate, and, of course, G. W. Parker's successful goal-kicking had a lot to do with the rather alarming scoring.

The Irishmen have had their trials and troubles this season, as may be observed from the fact that, of the four centres who took part in their final trial, not one has found a place in the side. They have also rather shocked a good many people by leaving out S. Walker, who captained the British side in South Africa with such conspicuous success, and, together with half-a-dozen other Irishmen, played a large part in the triumph of his team in the last Test Match. He has been playing pretty well this season, according to all accounts, and one wonders whether his well-known predilection for the 3-4-1 formation has had anything to do with his omission. The conservatism of the Irish Rugby authorities is proverbial, and it is difficult to imagine them looking with favour on so radical a change in scrummage formation, though, after all, it is not such a novelty as some people appear to think.

Ireland had a bad year in 1938, but it does not follow that they will repeat the experience. There are three new caps in the team, one of whom is the full-back, C. Murphy, of Lansdown, who made his place secure by a very fine display in the final

trial game. There are some good three-quarters, with F. G. Moran as formidable as ever on one wing, and V. J. Lyttle, a much-improved player from Bedford, on the other. H. R. McKibben and J. T. Torrens came into the centre at the end of last season, and have kept their places, although another Bedford youth, E. H. Walshe, was strongly fancied, and we may yet see him in company with his club-crony. The two halves were always certainties, and, apart from the dropping of Walker, there are no real surprises amongst the forwards.

After their satisfactory victory over Wales, I expect England to win, but no international game is ever anything like a certainty, and it will not be surprising to find the home side having to fight very hard for success. It would be quite easy to attach too much importance to the triumph over Wales, who, for all we may know, may not have been a very good side, and certainly had their weak spots. One does not anticipate many changes in the English team, though it is curious to notice the

plethora of candidates for the wing three-quarter positions after the difficulty there has been in the last few seasons in finding really fast runners. The Selectors have taken a very great deal of trouble to get the best men, and one can only hope that they have succeeded. The forwards will probably remain unchanged, and should be good enough for the job they have to do. They earned unstinted praise against Wales, and have undoubtedly the makings of a really sound pack. But they have a long way to go yet before becoming a great one, and it is rather absurd, on the strength of one performance, to hail them as at least the equals of the palmy days of W. W. Wakefield and Co.

The loss of A. Bassett to the Rugby League a few weeks ago was a distinct shock to Welsh Rugby, and it has been succeeded by two others which will try it even more severely. One was the retirement from international football of V. G. J. Jenkins, the old Oxford Blue, who for six years has been playing in the last line of defence with unvarying success. He certainly takes his place in the gallery of famous Welsh full-backs, ranking with the Bancrofts and J. Strand-Jones, and his loss is a severe blow.



THE SCOTTISH TOUR OF THE SEDBERGH ASSASSINS RUGBY XV.

The Sedbergh Assassins Rugby XV. have just completed a series of games in Edinburgh, where they played Merchiston Castle School XV. and Edinburgh University XV. They won both their matches, beating Merchiston by 20 points to 4, and the University by 9 points to 3. The photograph shows the successful side

Back row (l. to r.): C. P. Harriott, A. I. Abbot (Pannmure), K. C. Bishop, N. J. Mawby, C. H. Errington (Gosforth), O. M. Forster, J. C. Brooks (Gloucester), and H. C. Fay. Front row (l. to r.): H. R. Birtwistle, R. A. Cooper (Oxford), D. R. Gunn, L. H. Collison (Cambridge), J. C. Paton, J. F. T. Scott (Edinburgh Wanderers), and A. A. S. Scott (Edinburgh Wanderers)



"NO YER DON'T!"

D. L. Ridout, University College Hospital, well held by various Westminster Hospital opponents when he made a well-intentioned attempt to break away. This was a first-round match in the Hospitals' Cup, played at Richmond, and University College Hospital won by 6 points to 3 (one penalty goal and one try to one penalty goal)

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WING-COMMANDER SIR LOUIS GREIG (A GUEST) AND SIR PERCY EVERETT



SIR IAN BOLTON, FROM STIRLINGSHIRE, GETS TOASTED BY MR. J. F. COLQUHOUN



LORD BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, MR. HOPKINS, AND LIEUT.-COMMANDER EWART WENTWORTH



MR. D. FRANCIS MORGAN AND MR. P. E. BERRYMAN

Lord Somers, Deputy Chief Scout, presided over the Annual Commissioners' Dinner of the Boy Scouts Association after he and the County Commissioners and County Secretaries had spent the day in conference, according to custom. The dinner, at the Coventry Street Corner House, was attended by Commissioners from all parts of Great Britain as well as some from overseas. It was one of the most successful the Scout movement has held, though the Chief Scout, who, on doctor's orders, is wintering in his Kenya home, was greatly missed. Lord Baden-Powell sent a message of greetings which was most cordially replied to, and his health was, of course, drunk, this toast being proposed by Major the Hon. J. J. Astor and replied to by the Deputy Chief Scout. Other speakers included admirably witty Sir Ian Bolton, County Commissioner for Stirlingshire, who proposed "Our Guests," and Wing-Commander Sir Louis Greig, who replied. Sir Percy Everett (seen with Sir Louis)



Claude Fisher

A POW-WOW BEFORE DINNER BETWEEN MR. LANCELOT ALLEN, MR. P. B. NEVILL, MR. G. GAY, AND MR. R. T. LUND

is Deputy Chief Commissioner at Imperial H.Q., and has been the Chief Scout's right-hand man ever since B.-P. inaugurated the Boy Scout movement by a camp on Brownsea Island in 1907. Mr. J. F. Colquhoun is Deputy Imperial H.Q. Commissioner for Home; Lord Buckinghamshire is an Imperial H.Q. Commissioner; Lt.-Comdr. Wentworth is County Commissioner, West Riding Central; Mr. D. S. Hopkins is Assistant County Commissioner for Leeds, and Mr. Berryman, with whom is Mr. Morgan, Deputy Sec. Imperial H.Q., is the recently appointed General Sec. Boy Scouts Association. See the bottom group for Mr. Allen, Asst. Co. Comm. for Notts; Mr. Nevill, Imp. H.Q. Comm. for Kindred and Other Societies; Mr. Gay, Asst. Co. Comm. for North London, and Mr. Lund, Sec., Boy Scouts International Bureau



We came over on her!

"Funny thing, Sir George, but once you've travelled Nord Lloyd you always seem to want to cross that way."

"We feel just the same. I've not got much time to waste as you can guess—and the Nord Lloyd ships always make fast crossings without reminding you of the fact all the way over. My wife's just as keen as I am—she always says—'Do let's cross by 'Bremen' or 'Europa'.' And we always do!"

"There's a 'something' about these ships—and I can't put my finger on what it is. It's not only that they are big and fast and luxurious."

"Well, whatever it is, I'm glad it's attracted you on board again—one always seems to find such very pleasant people on these ships."

"Thanks for the compliment! And the same to you."

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BLIND MAN TURNS MOUNTIE

By L. H. HART



"Walk on, old man, into the workings.
One funny move and I'll shoot."

IT was lonely up in the mountains, but Danny Fenway liked it that way. What use had he for towns? He couldn't see anybody, and the incessant noise of people passing and clangour of cars disturbed him.

A kindly breeze curled up the slope from the pine-forest, bringing with it the tangy scent of the old redwoods. Danny liked to sit on the stoop of his lonely shack, and listen to the wind through the trees. It seemed to be telling him things—things he'd never hear at all if he'd stayed down in Gold Town, like Clem had wanted him to.

Danny's moustache-fringed lips curved into a smile. A good boy, Clemmy—a son to be proud of; he'd worked himself up from nothing to the owner of the finest store in town.

Danny was brought out of his dreams by the rumbling growl from the dog that had been drowsing beside him in the evening sun. When he put a soothing hand to its neck he could feel the short hairs bristle. Danny heard it himself now—the scrunch of feet on the trail leading up from the town.

Five years Danny had been blind, and he'd learned to tell a lot of things from a man's walk. He could tell them now—here was a man frightened, half-running up the steep ascent, sending a slide of small stones down the slope to the valley below.

"Up with your hands, you!"

The voice was as harsh as a rasp on sandpaper; unpleasant, too. The sort of voice, Danny figured, that'd belong to a man who'd kick a dog. He didn't raise his hands; merely kept them round Rex, soothing the mongrel terrier.

"Didn't you hear what I said, mister? I said up wit' your mitts! Put 'em up, blast you!"

Still frightened, the steps came nearer. From the voice and smell of dried perspiration, Danny built up a picture—and wasn't far wrong—of a stick-lean man with a wizened, stubble-covered face. A man with a gun in his hand, and hate and fear in his eyes.

"You don't need to be scared of me, stranger," Danny said quietly. "I'm blind."

"For gosh sakes, so you are!" The stranger spat; then a new note crept into his voice. "Say, aren't you the guy they calls 'The Guide'—'Danny the Guide'?"

Danny inclined his head till the sun shone into his sightless eyes. He couldn't see so much as a faint glow, but he liked to feel the sun on his face. It was clean, health-giving, altogether different from the breath of this man with the gun.

Danny heard the fellow holster it, heard him lean against the wall of the shack.

"They call me that," Danny said. He got to his feet. He didn't like this man who had come stumbling up the mountain trail to him, but Danny was about to have his evening meal, and he'd never yet refused anybody his hospitality.

"You'll stay for food, won't you, stranger? I'm just going to eat."

A moment's pause, then the unpleasant voice snapped out of the everlasting dark. "Make it quick, then, because I'm in a hurry. The Mounties are after me, see? I've got to get away, down to the border. I bumped a guy, see, an' if them blasted red-coats get their hands on me—!"

The voice trailed off in a sort of scream. Danny walked heavily into the shack. His mind was busy as he tended his pans, warming up some beans and frying bacon. He heard the stranger smack his lips as the fragrance of coffee filled the cabin.

"As soon as we're through grub, you're going to show me a way out of these blasted mountains!" the stranger bit out. He thrust his face close to the old man's till Danny could feel his unpleasant breath hot against his cheek.

"Get it, you old bozo? Blind or not, you're the one man in these parts who knows every inch of these mountains. An' you're going to guide me to safety. If you don't—"

Danny felt a revolver against his cheek. It wasn't good to feel it that close, especially when the barrel still smelled of burnt cordite. He felt a lump squeeze up into his throat. He wondered who had been killed. They were all his friends down there in Gold Town.

"There's only two passes out of these mountains, stranger," he said quietly. "Two passes, and by now both of them'll be guarded by the Mounties. They don't like killings up here."

"Is that so? Then it'll be too bad for you if you don't find some way out for me! Because if you don't, I'll shoot you, too, before I'm taken!"

(Continued on page 270)



C.F.H.

DUNLOP Fort

THE TYRE WITH TEETH



FOR YOUR SAFETY

BLIND MAN TURNS MOUNTIE—(Contd. from p. 268)

He moved uneasily on his stool. Danny's face didn't change as he heard the man fumbling in his pocket. Something dropped to the floor, slithered against Danny's foot.

Unerringly, guided by sound alone, he picked the thing up. His fingers passed quickly over the surface—it was a cigarette-case. Not a muscle of his face changed, though his inside seemed to ice over.

"Came off the man I bumped, see?" the stranger snarled as he snatched it away. "Some dum cluck in a store. He made a dive for me, see, so I had to wipe him out. Then I cleans out his pockets an' his cash-desk, and beats it up here."

He kicked back his chair, walked to the door. Danny could hear the man's tense breathing as he looked down the trail. He sat very still, did Danny, not thinking about anything much, but about Clemmy, who'd stopped a bullet from this cheap stick-up man.

Under his moustache Danny's lips graved to a thin line. Clemmy had been his only relative—the only thing that had made his blindness tolerable when it had first come. Clem had built this shack up in the mountains, and come up every Saturday night when the store was closed. On the stoop, with the wine-like mountain air round them, they'd yarned till early morning.

Danny pushed back his chair and started to fill his pipe. It was a job to keep his fingers steady, but he managed it. He was thinking that Clem was dead, and wouldn't be bringing him any more tobacco, like he'd been doing once a week these last five years.

He heard a stifled oath, quick shift of heavy boots on the floor as the killer moved from the door.

"Make it snappy, old man! There's a Mountie way down the trail! You can see those blasted redcoats a mile off! Get moving—!"

"The passes are blocked," Danny said quietly. "There's no way out of here."

"By golly, there'd better be! You ain't so old you'd like to die!" the killer snapped. "Quick, get through that back door and guide me some place! Call your mutt and let's go."

Danny didn't move. He just turned his head so his sightless eyes looked at the stranger.

"I'm an old man, mister, an' I'd like a bit of fine living before I pass out. Maybe if you was to give me a hundred bucks I could find some place to hide you till it was safe to try the passes."

"A hundred plunks? O.K., they're yours! Where do we go from here?"

Danny called Rex to him, stooped to fasten a lead to the dog's collar. "There's an old mine, mister, been abandoned these last ten years. Nobody ever goes to it. You can hide out there. I'll bring you food and stuff, an' the Mounties'll believe me if I say I never saw you. Sure, they'll believe anything Danny Fenway says."

They were ten yards from the shack when Danny stopped. "Wait a minute, mister. You'll need some candles, I guess.

You're not like me, shut away in the dark. You'll need a light down that mine."

"Make it snappy, then, you old fool! I got no time to waste!"

It was a twenty-minute walk to the abandoned mine, every minute of it punctuated with breathless curses from the killer.

Danny halted in the yawning entrance, with Rex rubbing against his legs. The stranger moved so quickly, he took Danny by surprise. He heard a swish of something through the air, then the sickening scrunch of bone. A piteous, stifled growl from Rex, then the dog slithered over Danny's feet and lay still.

"What did you want to kill my dog for, mister?" Danny asked heavily. "I can't find my way back so well without my dog."

"You're not going back!" the killer snapped viciously. "Shall I tell you for why? Because I've just cottoned to who you are. You'll be the father of that dum cluck I bumped down in Gold Town. I heard talk when I was in the saloon. Hide me for a hundred bucks! Like hell you will! You'd bleat to the first cop you saw. But not now—!"

His voice dropped to a whisper. Danny felt a cold shiver go through him as the man pressed the gun into his back.

"You're going to stay here with me till I think it's safe to move. Then I'm checking out—alone!"

Danny felt his blood go cold. He wasn't afraid to die, but he didn't want this killer to get away. A cold rage stirred in Danny as he felt a lighted candle thrust into his hand. Then he was urged on again.

"Walk on, old man, into the workings. One funny move and I'll shoot!"

Deeper into the main gallery they went, Danny placing each foot carefully before him. He sensed the branch-off of a side gallery. Very gently he blew on the candle. He

didn't see it go out, but he could sense it as the tiny heat died away.

"What the devil are you playing at, you old fool?"

The break in the killer's voice showed his snapping nerve. Noiseless as a shadow, Danny slipped into the cross gallery and stayed still.

Fifty feet from the opening of the shaft they were in pitch blackness. Danny heard the killer stumbling about, cursing the dark, heavy boots crunching on the litter of dry grit that covered the ground.

Smiling, Danny took out the thing he had gone back for when he had pretended he wanted candles. His sightless eyes turned unerringly towards the source of the noise.

Deliberately he aimed. The shot of his old single-action Colt boomed like a cannon. Followed a scream, choked off midway, then a horrible gurggle, and silence.

The burnt cordite lingered heavily in the air. Danny's lips felt dry as he stepped carefully to the surface. He moved swiftly. He was thinking of Clem, and Rex, and the killer who hadn't remembered that a mine-working, with its impenetrable blackness, is as light as day to a blind man who's had to live his life by sound alone. [THE END.]



MISS ANN TODD, WHO PLAYS THE LEAD IN "THE MAN IN HALF MOON STREET"

The new Barré Lyndon play is due for its first bow to London, at a theatre to be named later, towards the end of February, and this charming actress plays the female lead, opposite Leslie Banks. Miss Ann Todd made a good success in that quaintly amusing play of the 'seventies period, *She Too Was Young*, and she also had a triumph in the film *South Riding*

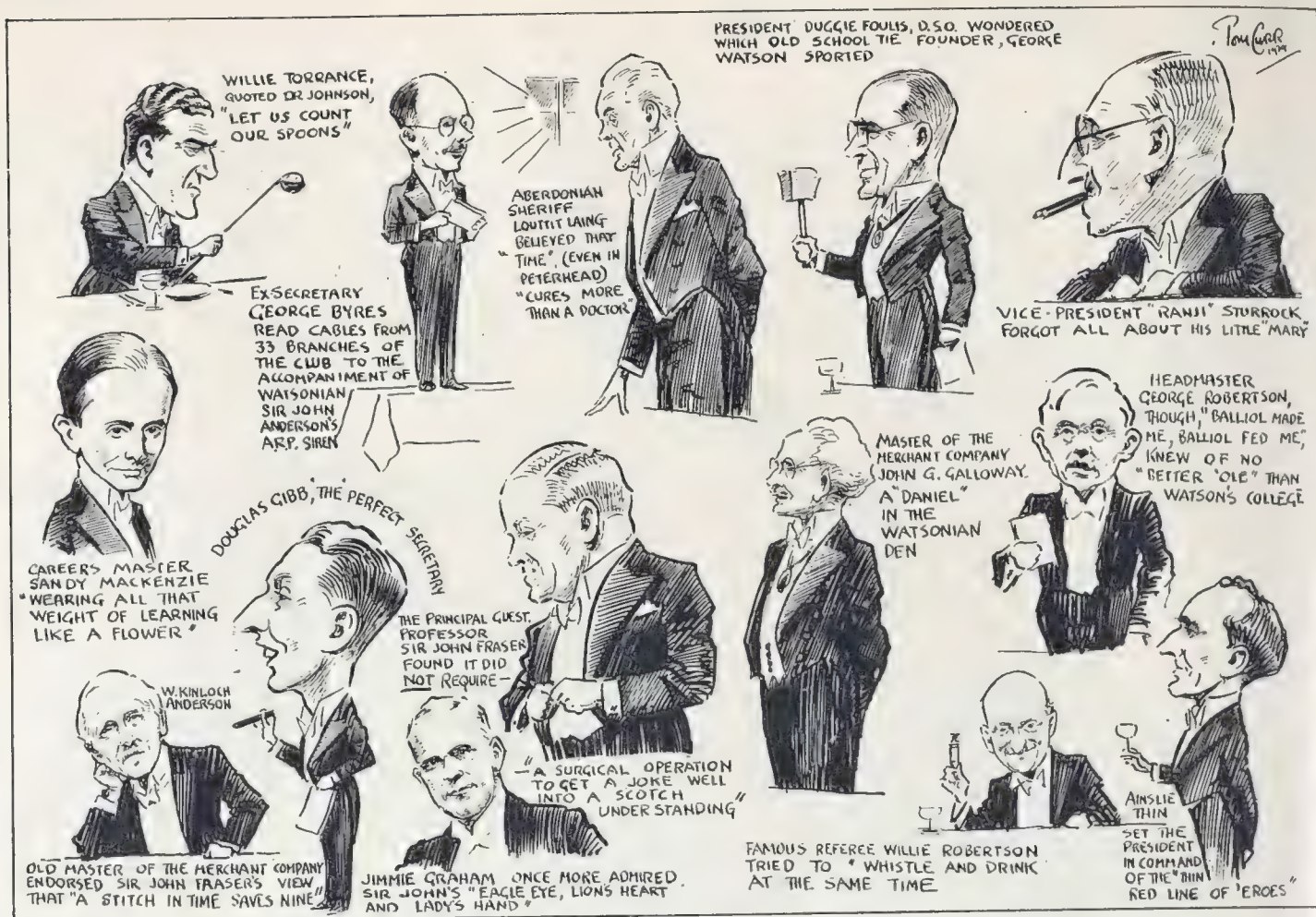
This England . . .



Sussex—from the Downs nr. Lewes

THE noblest of the land, it seems, enjoy a game of darts. Yet this is no new thing. Of the 12th century it is recorded that among the amusements of the Englishman was "the casting of stones, darts and other missive weapons." So much so that Edward III, fearing neglect of practice at the long-bow, forbade them. But we are still at it, with coconut shies and bowls (even the cricket ball is in some sort missive) and once again—our darts. For eyes to-day are as keen as those that could split a peeled wand in Sherwood Forest or loose that deadly shower at Agincourt. And when the last "double" is thrown, to call for Worthington is itself in the old tradition—for this is the beer that Englishmen drank ere ever they taught the world their games.





THE WATSONIAN CLUB'S FORTY-FIRST ANNUAL DINNER IN EDINBURGH

Some speaking likenesses of the many eminent Old Watsonians at this absolutely record dinner. Mr. Douglas Foulis, Chairman of the Club, had over 320 people to preside over, and from all accounts it gave him just no trouble at all. Meet him above doing it. Sir John Fraser made a soul-stirring speech in proposing the principal toast (for some detail, see above). Mr. W. B. Torrance (also see above) is the Walker Cup selector; and Mr. W. A. Robertson one of the best known Rugby referees in all Scotland. The Watsonian Club (Old Boys of George Watson's famous Academy) has thirty-six branches throughout the world, and a membership of 3500. These very clever sketches were made in the College Dining Hall during the dinner.

Sample Menu.

ENGLISH hotel proprietors get very hurt when you tell them that their hotels are imperfect and that the food they serve is frequently sick-making. Yet every motorist who has done much touring knows that, whereas in France it would be the exception if the wayside hotel or inn, selected at hazard, failed to provide first-class food and drink, in England it is the rule. My own experience—and I am told it conforms with that of many others—is that, in most cases, gruesome disappointment awaits the person who pulls up at the first good-looking hotel he sees, and expects a pleasant meal. The other day, although I knew the risk, I hearkened to the cry of the hotel proprietors and, when I was on my way to see some friends in the country, I selected an hotel of good appearance and covered with A.A. and R.A.C. signs and stopped there for luncheon. Here is the menu which, in the spirit of the surgeon who puts the gangrenous appendix in a small glass bottle, I jotted down at the time.

The first course was mulligatawny soup; then came either "potato pie" or "mixed grill (10 minutes)" with potatoes and "greens." Alternatively there was cold beef, ham or lamb with "green salad," and last there was either steamed fruit pudding with custard or rice pudding. Coffee was marked as an extra. Now, I think that those familiar with English hotels will get the cold shivers when they read that menu; but it is nothing to what they would have got if they had seen the dishes themselves. Served by a slovenly waiter on a table whose only decorations were glaringly offensive advertisements of somebody's beer and somebody's mustard, with one of those horrible paper napkins, I recognised the uneatability of each dish as it appeared. So I sought to make do with a bottle of wine (miraculously drinkable) and bread and cheese. But there were no rolls or French bread,

only cast-iron slabs of white bread, and the only cheese was a hostile-looking cheddar.

Work or Play.

What made the whole thing a thousand times more astonishing was that two people, who appeared to be the manager and manageress, took their luncheon in the dining-room while I was having mine, and seemed to accept the astounding concoctions placed before them with equanimity. If they had been genuine *hôtelières* they should surely have known better. Moreover, whether they knew better or not, their place as hosts was not sitting eating, but in the kitchen trying to help and to improve things. It is a pity that the law prevents one from stating publicly the names and addresses of the bad hotels, because they do not deserve protection. And because one cannot speak the truth about these places, the rottenness of English cooking will continue. And while it continues the hotel proprietors, separately or in a body, have no shred of justification for objecting to the generalised criticisms which are launched upon them.

Monte Carlo.

I find it difficult to sum up this year's Monte Carlo Rally. It did not seem to create quite so much attention as in previous years, but that may be because of the international tension which prevents people from taking so much interest in sport of any kind. It was remarkable that the Delahaye and Hotchkiss should have tied for first place and a great tribute to the quality of both cars. I was glad to see the Fords well up in the list as usual, with a Matford and a Renault among them, and then the excellent S.S. Jaguar in which Harrop came from Athens. After him there was Lord Waleran with the Humber from Tallinn. (Continued on page 276)

PETROL VAPOUR

By JOHN OLIVER

Pursuivant

ONE feels a pardonable pride on stepping into this sleek and handsome limousine—a faithful attendant of un-failing reliability, whose suave and distinguished appearance masks boundless power and swift acceleration.

The possession of a Wolseley car is as plain evidence of one's standing as was the shield before a pavilion at the Cloth of Gold.

And with distinction comes a degree of comfort instanced in innumerable luxury features—which has been judged on more than one occasion as being ahead of any other cars in Europe.

£775 *ex works.*
Wolseley Motors Ltd. standardise
Dunlops, Triplex, and Jackalls.



A 25 h.p. Wolseley Limousine was awarded the much coveted **GRAND PRIX d'HONNEUR**—the highest award in the Concours de Confort at the Monte Carlo Rally this year—a distinction which is only given to luxury cars of exceptional merit and which Wolseley now achieve for the 3rd year.

Buy wisely — buy
Wolseley
British by Birth and Breeding

AIR EDDIES

By

OLIVER STEWART

Aerial Openings.

FASHION, at the moment, approves the military aeroplane. We turn from the delights of dress-shows to the stern necessities of armaments exhibitors; from sitting and watching mannequins walk, to walking and watching men and women work at lathes, drills, millers, grinders, and other machinery. The armaments workshop tour is a feature of the life of 1939. Every day the emphasis of national activity is transferred more and more from the preoccupations of peace to the preparations for war. It is necessary that the change should occur.

I have just made tours of various aircraft factories; one of them being the new Phillips and Powis factory at Reading, which I visited on the day it was opened by Sir Kingsley Wood. My conclusions are that we are beginning to get moving. The other day I recorded the views to that effect of two prominent men in the industry—Mr. Sidgreaves and Mr. Spriggs. But soon after, there appeared in this country an issue of an American journal which expressed views counter to those given me by these two men and by others in the aircraft business.

A considerable stir was made by the American writer's article; and no wonder, for he was none other than Mr. S. Paul Johnston. Mr. Johnston had only just completed a tour of British factories as well as of the factories of Germany, Italy, and France. His observations were not a bit reassuring and, as he was writing in a country where the Press is really free, he was able to put them forcibly and to support them with figures. What exactly the Air Ministry can have thought when they saw Mr. Johnston's article I do not know. For the Air Ministry fawn on visitors from abroad and let them have better facilities for finding things out than anybody in this country. Then they are amazed when foreign papers—especially American ones—come out with all their pet secrets blazoned across the page. Mr. Johnston said that we in Great Britain are producing military aircraft at the rate of about seventy a week. He gave individual figures for the different firms; he mentioned secret machines; he told us that our quality is lower than the German—and our morale.

Useful Words.

I checked Mr. Johnston's figures and found that, for one factory in this country, he had given an output figure which is approximately half the real figure! But I must say that in general his inferences were not very wide of the mark as to production rates. His inferences as to quality and morale I do not accept. I believe the Royal Air Force enjoys as good morale as any air force in the world, and that the French Air Force also enjoys excellent morale in spite of its supply troubles. In fact, Mr. Johnston was part wrong and part right. Now some say that such criticisms do harm to this country. I do not believe it. The idea that a fault will be cured simply by saying nothing about it is as foolish a blunder as it is possible to make.

The contrary is true. I believe that it is part of the strength of democracy and not—as members of the Government seem to want us to believe—one of its weaknesses, that there should be a constant flow of criticism, and even of quibbling and back-biting. As I say, I have been looking over these new aircraft factories; and my conclusion is that, although swiftness



THE YOUNGEST MEMBER OF THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY GLIDING CLUB

The intrepid young gentleman is only ten years old and is John Aspell, a son of Mrs. Hope Aspell, the Honorary Secretary of the O.U. Gliding Club. The snapshot was taken just as young John was taking off for a flight at Farmoor, the club's headquarters

at the start may be to some extent hampered by freedom of criticism and by the necessity to discuss and talk before action is taken, efficiency in the end is improved. I have not visited the German factories. But I believe that our latest factories are as good as they can be, and I believe that they are winding themselves up to an output which, if it were accurately revealed, would considerably startle the Germans, the Italians, Colonel Lindbergh, Mr. Johnston, and Uncle Tom Cobby and all.

Wood.

At the new Phillips and Powis place, wooden construction is largely used. It is right to use wooden construction as a supplement to metal construction. As Sir Kingsley Wood remarked, it broadens the basis on which we are able to build our military production.

Wood still has many advantages when it comes to the airframes intended for duties such as training and general service. A given rate of production can be secured with wood with a smaller total order than with metal. High rates of production in metal are largely dependent upon elaborate jiggling and tooling. Then in some ways repairs are easier with wood. I do not advocate a return to wood for the main body of first-line aircraft; I merely endorse the decision to use wood for certain types of machines during the period in which we must obtain the highest output of which the country is capable.

Before I leave the subject of factories I should mention the official opening of the Cunliffe-Owen factory at Southampton. The Mayor of Southampton, Councillor A. H. Powdrill, performed the ceremony, and said that the factory had been built in sixty-four working days. It is intended for the production of the special type of monoplane which has been taken up by this company.

C.A.G., A 1.

Every month the Civil Air Guard becomes less civil and more guard-like—and *with* good cause and *in* a good cause. The latest step is the dividing-up of members in categories which set their scale of values in time of war. Thus A 1 category is reserved for men of the ages of eighteen to thirty who might be eligible as service pilots in war. The other categories, on a descending scale of war-value, are A 2, B, and C.

(Continued on page 276)



LADY (KINGSLEY) WOOD

A very-much-at-home picture of the wife of our energetic and also very popular Secretary of State for Air, who is not one of the least busy men in the Cabinet at this moment. Lady Wood is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Fawcett, and was married to Sir Kingsley Wood in 1908



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as a fine liqueur, then you know you're right."

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*The millions of gallons of finest Scotch whisky
matured and maturing ensure that the quality of White Horse never varies*

*Screw-cap flasks
of convenient
sizes on sale
everywhere*



Pictures in the Fire—(Continued from page 261)

As to the origins, whilst I think we must accept the Manipuris (N.E. India) as the earliest enthusiasts, I am convinced that polo must have been in full swing in time of the Crusaders. The learned Dr. L. A. Mayer in an article he entitled "Polo Sticks in Saracenic History," published in *The Polo Monthly* of February, 1934, wrote:

"Polo sticks were a very common emblem in Saracenic heraldry during the second half of the thirteenth and the first half of the fourteenth century, the earliest dated example being found on a building erected in 1300-1 by the Ameer Qarasunqur, who was granted his coat-of-arms more than twenty years prior to that date, and the latest, on a wooden panel not later than 1332 (Ameer Qumari). The type of polo sticks to be seen on the shields of this period is of a form more closely resembling our hockey sticks than polo sticks. It is quite natural, therefore, that all those published in the articles referred to belong to this group which is characteristic for early Mamlûk heraldry. No example is known with regard to which it could be definitely said that it was granted during the period between 1332 and the following hundred years. During the middle third of the fifteenth century—the exact date cannot be established—there appears a composite coat-of-arms which may be described as follows:

"On the upper field a penbox, on the middle field a cup placed between a pair of polo sticks with balls, on the lower field a fleur-de-lis.

"As a glance at the drawing shows, the polo sticks on this shield have been given a very different shape, namely, that with a slanting bar at



FOUR NORTHERN M.F.H.s AND THEIR HOST

An interesting bag made by the camera when the Percy met at Heckley High House, Alnwick, abode of Mr. George Sordy. The names are (left to right) Mr. Maurice Ropnor, M.F.H. (West Percy); the Duke of Northumberland, M.F.H. (Joint Percy); Mr. George Sordy; Captain Simon Browne, M.F.H. (Joint Percy), former secretary of the Beaufort and Lieutenant-Colonel Roly Milvain, M.F.H. (his own) and run entirely at his own expense

the end, a type with which we are familiar, both from actual specimens and from Oriental miniatures. Unfortunately, the Saracenic knight to whom this coat-of-arms was granted cannot be identified, and biographical data, which might throw some light on his country of origin, his connexion with the polo game, etc., are lacking, so that we are at a loss to understand the reason why he adopted this particular shape. But it is hardly rash to suggest that the form of the polo sticks, as used in this game so popular with Mamlûk sultans and ameers, had undergone a change, which—at least on Egyptian soil—must have taken place some time during the fifteenth century."

Just as a matter of interest here are the dates of the eight Crusades:

First Crusade, 1095-99; second, 1145-49; third, 1187-94; fourth, 1198-1204; fifth, 1217-21; sixth, 1228-29; seventh, 1244-53; eighth, 1270-74.

I do not suggest that we can establish that Saladin the Soldan played polo and it is quite certain that his opposite numbers, the Crusaders did not—their kit and their cattle veto the mere supposition, but Omar Khayyam, friend of The Old Man of the Mountains (A.D. 1090), and head assassin Hasan-Al-Sabah, and the other poet Firdausi the Persian poet, knew all about it and mention it in their works. "The ball no question makes of ayes or noes," said Omar meaning possibly "eyes or nose," and the ball was a polo one. Those fine medium cavalry soldiers, the Mamlûks (1250) (the word in Arabic means "slave," for that is what they were originally in the Caucasus), undoubtedly played the polo game, probably on Arabs during the days when they were sultans of Egypt. Charles Gairdner, I am sure, has got a long and tough row to hoe but I am sure that he means to do this anthology very well

Petrol Vapour—(Continued from page 272)

In general the rules this year seem to have been approved by the British entrants and there can be very little doubt that, if the international situation clears up by the end of 1939, the next Monte Carlo will be the biggest and best yet held. But the promoters of all kinds of motor sport—like the promoters of businesses—are at present hampered by the tense international atmosphere.

Drop-head Coupé

Drop-head coupés are popular with a large and increasing number of people. And once a drop-head coupéist, always a drop-head coupéist—or almost always—for this type of coachwork seems to exercise a strong appeal. For that reason I was interested to hear not long ago from the Standard people that they have introduced a drop-head coupé (may I ask my friends in the Standard Company to try and remember that there is an acute accent on the final é?) on the 8-h.p. chassis. This model is priced at £159 and is claimed to be the lowest-priced drop-head coupé available to British motorists. It is worth recalling that this chassis has the independent front wheel mounting and that a fuel consumption of more than 45 m.p.g. for the car appears in the performance figures given by the makers.

The body is all-steel in foundation and the doors are wide. The interior has four seats and the backs of both front seats tilt forward to give easy access to the rear compartment. The head can be worked by one person. There is a luggage locker behind the rear squab. The spare wheel is mounted

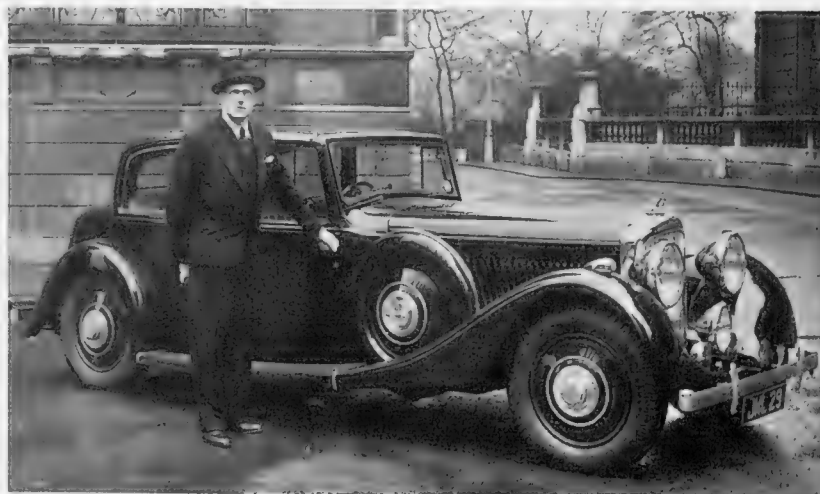
externally at the back. Equipment includes self-cancelling traffic signals.

Records

I meant to mention the other day, when I was talking about motoring records, the excellent booklet got out by the Wakefield Company on this subject. It is devoted to the big records of the year and has good pictures and contains concise facts and figures recalling the outstanding achievements.

Air Eddies—(Continued from page 274)

By the way, in their anxiety to show how well the Air Guard is doing, the Air Ministry the other day quoted figures which seem to me to be open to criticism. They said that the number of aviators' certificates issued in December 1938 was 196 and that for every hour of daylight an aviator's certificate was granted. Now these figures are identical with those issued just previously by the Royal Aero Club in its official notices. Can it be then, that no aviators' certificates are being issued except those to members of the Civil Air Guard? I leave it to the Air Ministry to answer that question.



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Although not quite as fast as "Thunderbolt," with which he broke the land speed record by travelling at 357.50 miles per hour, Captain Eyston's new Bentley will be a very much more pleasant car to drive and will give him all the speed that anybody could want on our abominable roads

The 10 h.p. Hillman "Minx," one of Britain's best known and popular light cars, has scored a notable success in the Monte Carlo Rally by winning for the second year in succession first prize for the most comfortable car in the light car class (under 1,500 c.c.). In general specification it is identical with the standard production model listed at only £175, and, is a striking tribute to British craftsmanship.



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I take
over
through
town?"



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WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

Marrying Abroad Today.

Captain B. van der Merwe and Miss Joan Elizabeth Kendall, the elder daughter of Mrs. E. N. Kendall, of Oporto, are being married in Johannesburg.

Marrying Tomorrow.

Captain R. W. O. Going, The King's Own Scottish Borderers, will marry the Hon. Diana Betterton at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, at 2.30 p.m., and at St. Nicolas' Church, Guildford, is the wedding of Mr. L. E. H. Bolton and Miss Margaret Jamieson.

Recently Engaged.

Mr. G. R. H. Grayson, youngest son of Sir Henry Grayson, Bt., K.B.E. and Dora, Lady Grayson, and Ida Nannestad Hassing, only daughter of Mr.



Pearl Freeman
MISS L. MARRIOTT

The elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Marriott, who is to marry Mr. C. F. V. Bagot, The Essex Regiment, only son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Bagot. Miss Marriott is a grand daughter of Sir Charles Hayes Marriott, of Kibworth, Leicester

and Mrs. Sextuas Hassing, of Frederica, Denmark. The marriage will take place in Denmark on February 18; Mr. D. Scrymgeour Wedderburn, Scots Guards, younger son of the late Lieutenant Colonel H. Scrymgeour Wedderburn (The Gordon Highlanders), of Wedderburn and Birkhill, and Mrs. Scrymgeour Wedderburn, and Mary Ellery, daughter of the late Mr. Hayden Channing and Mrs. Channing, of Lenox, Mass., U.S.A. Mr. W. R. B. Hazell, only son of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Hazell, of Montagu Square, W., and Audrey Honor Baker, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Baker, Clarendon Place, Hyde Park Gardens, W. Mr. D. M. Lubbock, younger son of the late Major Geoffrey Lubbock and of Mrs. Lubbock, of Birch Hall, Windlesham, Surrey, and Helen Anne Boyd Orr, younger daughter of Sir John Boyd Orr and Lady Orr, of Wardenhill, Bucksburn, Aberdeen; Lieutenant-Commander R. W. Griffiths,



MISS A. J. VAN HOYTEMA

The elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. G. van Hoytema, of Rotterdam, Holland, who is engaged to Mr. J. A. H. Gott, the only son of the late Rev. J. A. Gott, of Whitegate, Cheshire, and Mrs. Gott, of Holywell Hill, St. Albans

Royal Navy, son of the late Colonel E. H. Griffith, C.B.E., and Hazel Maud Jessie, the daughter of Sir Raymond and Lady Woods, Upper Phillimore Gardens, Kensington; Flight-Lieutenant Richard Seys, D.F.C., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Seys, of Arbon Grove, Chertsey, and Pamela, elder daughter of the late Wing-Commander A. B. Gaskell, D.S.C., and Lady Bowhill, and stepdaughter of Air Marshal Sir Frederick Bowhill.

K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., Coastal Command, Lee on Solent; Mr. N. Eliot, The Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, eldest son of the Hon. Sir Montague and Lady Eliot, of Port Eliot, St. Germans, Cornwall, and Helen, daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Villiers, C.B.E., D.S.O., and of Lady Kathleen Villiers;

Mr. J. Verney, elder son of Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Ralph Verney, C.B., C.I.E., C.V.O., and Lady Verney, of Ennismore Gardens, S.W.7, and Jeanie Lucinda, only daughter of the late Major Herbert Musgrave, D.S.O., R.E., and Mrs. Musgrave, of St. Leonards Terrace, S.W.3. Mr. B. Eugster, M.C., Irish Guards, eldest son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel O. L. Eugster, D.S.O., and Mrs. Eugster, of Kempston Hoo, Bedford, and Marcia, elder daughter of Air Commodore P. Smyth-Osbourne, C.M.G., and Mrs. Smyth-Osbourne, of Holme-down, Exbourne, Devon; Mr. R. M. C. Turner, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Turner, of Greenhedges, Sheringham, Norfolk, and Margaret Wake, eldest daughter of Major-General Sir Hereward and Lady Wake, of Courteenhall, Northants. Lieut. M. Luby, R.N., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Luby, of Ranchi, India, and Jean, younger daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Campbell-Todd, of Southsea.



MISS G. R. DICKINSON

Who is engaged to Mr. R. C. Hutchinson, the son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Hutchinson. Miss Dickinson is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Dickinson, of Maugersbury, Stow on the Wold, Gloucestershire

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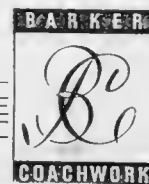
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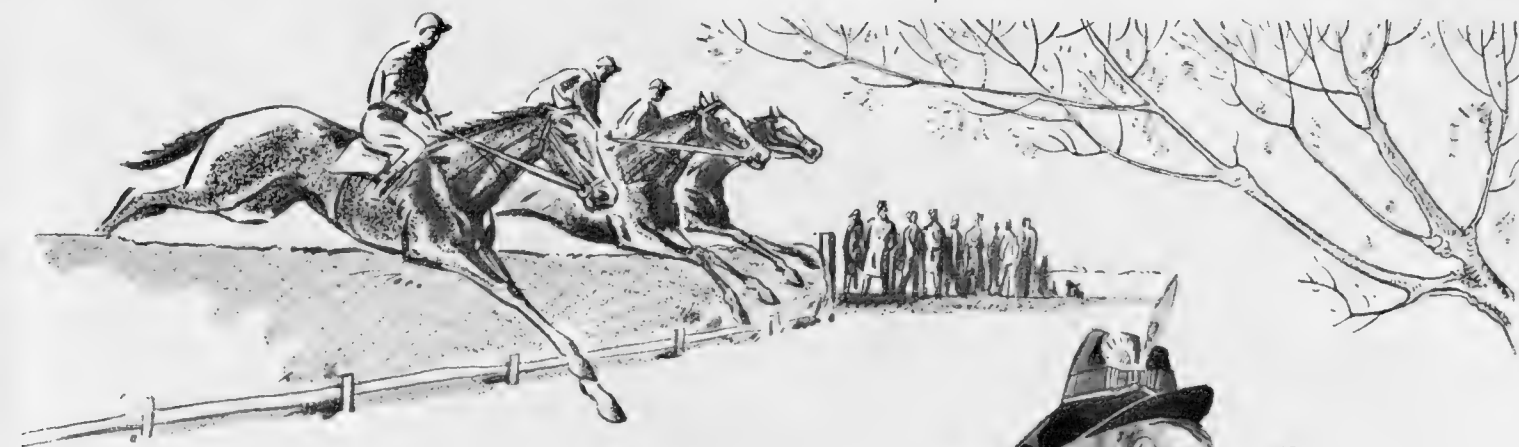
BUY A CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

The Highway of FASHION

By M. E. BROOKE

IT has been officially announced that their Majesties will hold five parties at Buckingham Palace this year. The first three will be held on Thursday, March 9, Wednesday, March 15, and Thursday, March 16, and two more, when the King and Queen return from Canada, on July 12 and July 13. Debenham & Freebody, Wigmore Street, have assembled in their show-rooms many beautiful dresses for these parties, some for the older woman and some designed for the debutante. To this firm must be given the credit for the graceful frock portrayed on the left. It is carried out in harvest gold—the such an exquisite shade. The embroidery is composed of loops of miniature beads and topaz coloured cabochons, with a golden headpiece which holds the veil and feathers

Picture by Blake



7716

J. 340

Model 7716

A very smart hand-tailored jacket suit in Angora featuring a contrasting jacket and skirt. The latter is well cut in an attractive striped design and fits snugly with a zip fastening. The jacket is beautifully cut and is tailored to fit perfectly at the waist.

Model J. 340

The original sport suit is fashionably carried out in Angora. The double-breasted jacket in tri-colour, has inserted panels, a snug-fitting neck and smart sleeves. A neat belt gives just the right finish. The skirt, in contrasting self-colour material, is perfectly tailored with pleats giving ample room for comfortable walking.



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THERE is just something different about the tailored suits designed and carried out by Fenwick, 62-63 New Bond Street, W, which makes a direct appeal to Englishwomen. Again, this season they are specializing in suits for 10½ guineas, made to measure in their own workroom. They are available in ten designs and a variety of materials, patterns of which will be sent on application. Two of the models are portrayed, both being classical in character. It must be noted that the one on the right is double-breasted with five buttons, which are more than were considered necessary in the past. The hat which accompanies it is of felt and costs 39s. 6d. A quill pierces the crown and is then softened with a veil. The colonial Homburg, worn by the figure on the left, is also of felt and is pleasantly priced at 29s. 6d.

Picture by Blake

MODEL MILLINERY

FROM THE NEW
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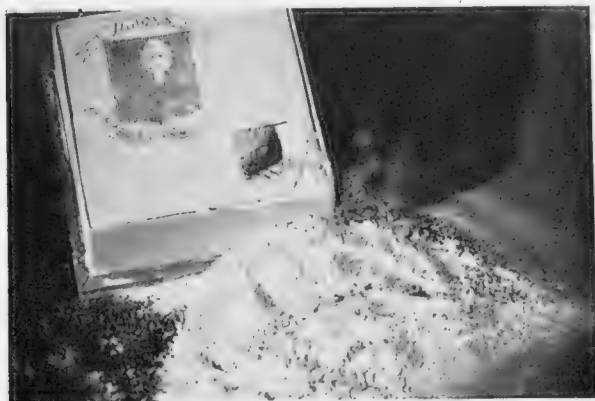
A smart little "pill-box" of silk
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Natural loveliness



THE number of women who are honestly indifferent to their looks could probably be counted on the fingers of the hand. Natural beauty is comparatively rare, nevertheless, there are many who are beautiful, as they are skilled in making the best of their good points. In addition, they seek the aid of the beauty specialist and her preparations, the result of whose handiwork defies detection. At the Innox salons, 37 Old Bond Street, women are shown how simple it is to become lovely, and that the preparations necessary to continue the good work at home are very moderate in price. The researches and discoveries of the world-famous skin specialist, Dr. Francois Debat, are responsible for the exalted merit of the Innox preparations. Furthermore "The Lancet" has written praising these products and drawing the medical profession's attention to them

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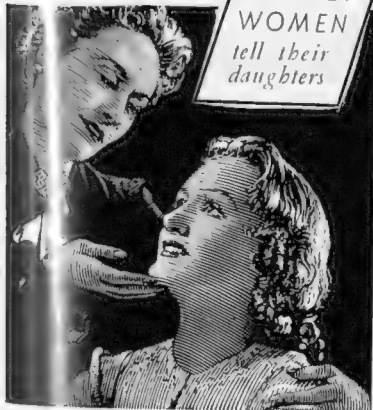
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GOOD SKI-ING TILL
END OF APRIL



CORGIS

Property of Mrs. Firbanks

ested by his account of the "learned," I suppose I must say, horses and dogs, which would be unbelievable if not attested by a scientific observer. Professor Hobday's great work of rebuilding the Veterinary College is known to all, also his operation for "roaring," which has entirely cured many good horses. There is not a dull page in the book. The account of the change in the treatment of animals in the last fifty years makes cheering reading, though depressing to think what some people will do if left unchecked.

Remember, to-morrow is our annual general meeting at Cruft's at ten in the morning. This early hour is found most convenient for the majority of members, most of whom are exhibiting and cannot get away later. There is also the members' room, where members and their friends can have lunch and tea.

Though Mrs. Ionides has added Poodles to her famous kennel of Griffons only a few years ago, she has, with characteristic thoroughness, gone at once to the top. The kennel contains some beautiful Poodles. The photograph is of Vulcan Ballerina, who is a great favourite in the kennels. Ballerina is a beautiful apricot. There are some well-known stud dogs, including the newly imported dog, Vulcan Baik de Pladsoe. Poodles are most handsome dogs, being particularly good movers. You rarely see a Poodle moving wrong. They are a

LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

I have been reading a delightful book, *Fifty Years a Veterinary Surgeon*, by Professor Hobday. Even people not interested in animals will find the account of fights with various diseases, rabies, glanders, etc., enthralling; while those who are will be specially inter-

very old breed, being well known on the continent for centuries, and they rank among the most intelligent and teachable of all dogs. Mrs. Ionides always has puppies and adults for sale both Poodles and Griffons, and visitors to the kennels at Twickenham are welcome.

The Corgi has obviously come to stay, and in the short time since he left his native Wales, has become immensely popular. He is very attractive to look at, and his short coat is no trouble to keep clean. Also he does not require that elaborate "trimming" for exhibition which is so very often inconvenient. In addition, he is extremely brainy and biddable. The photograph is of Mrs. Firbanks's two celebrities, Man Friday and Bread. Both have done extremely well in obedience classes, and their trainers, Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery, are well pleased with them. The lazy-minded laugh at training, but it certainly shows the capacities of the breed for absorbing knowledge, and I never know why it is worse to train a dog than a child; though children nowadays are rarely trained! Mrs. Firbanks has relatives of Friday and Bread for sale, who probably would become equally accomplished if given the chance.

One of the firmest adherents to the French Bulldog is Mrs. Vaughan. She has a well-known kennel and has won well at shows. The leading dogs are Little Monster and Kim. She sends a particularly attractive photograph of some puppies by these two sires. They are especially good puppies, well grown and healthy, altogether promising. French Bulldogs are specially adapted as companions for anyone not madly keen on being out in bad weather and going long rough walks, as, though liking exercise in moderation, they are perfectly contented with reasonable walks and a comfortable fire side. Another advantage is they hardly ever bark, so are suited to life in a flat.

Letters to Miss Bruce, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton



POODLES

Property of Mrs. Ionides

NOTES HERE AND THERE

The Friends of the Poor, 42 Ebury Street, S.W.1, write us: "In failing health and seventy-five years old, a woman who has struggled pluckily to support herself, has now turned in desperation to us. This poor soul is the widow of a bank clerk, who died six years ago, after a long and trying illness. He was a gambler by nature and after his death it was discovered that he had left many debts which his insurance only just covered. They had one daughter, who was mentally deficient and who died at the age of sixteen. The widow took whatever work she could but posts are now impossible to get as she has increasingly bad arthritis. In spite of great courage this widow is in despair. Please help her; £13 are needed."

Costumes representative of the most famous ballets associated with Sadler's Wells and the Old Vic are being devised by well-known hostesses for a ball in March. It is the Ballet Ball at the Dorchester in aid of the Lilian Baylis Memorial (Vic-Wells Extension Fund) and among those who are interesting themselves in the function are the Dowager Duchess of Norfolk, the Countess of Lytton, Viscountess Milton, Lady Howard de Walden, and Lady Chalmers. The ball, which is being organized by Mrs. Malcolm Sargent, will be one of the few *bal masqués* of the year, and is expected to prove very popular with the young people. Before supper a polonaise will be danced by the guests at the chief tables.

On Saturday last the Windmill Theatre celebrated its seventh birthday and the beginning of its eighth year. There was a gala performance of *Revudeville*, and at the reception afterwards Mrs. Laura Henderson personally greeted her friends and patrons of her theatre. The organization which goes to make this triumph, and the main-spring of which is Vivian Van Damm, Mrs. Laura Henderson's general manager and producer, is probably unique. Above the tiny auditorium are floor above floor of workrooms. There is a script



THE OPENING OF THE NEW PHOSFERINE FACTORY AT WATFORD

A scene at the new laboratories and factory of Phosferine (Ashton & Parsons), Ltd., the day this most modern centre of industry was opened by Sir Dennis Herbert, M.P., Deputy-Speaker of the House. The factory has been moved from the city to Watford, and there were at the opening ceremony in addition to Sir Dennis Herbert, K.B.E., M.P.; Mr. J. Stanley Holmes, M.P., Chairman of Phosferine Ltd., seen on left; and other directors; Sir Francis Freemantle, M.D., M.P.; and the Mayor of Watford; representatives of the medical profession, and allied trades were also present. Mr. Stanley Holmes said that the factory had been opened for the manufacture of Phosferine and other medicines. From 1870 these have been made in the City of London. Sir Dennis Herbert, after praising the style of the new building, said it was a matter of the greatest national importance that people should be employed at useful and beneficial work under ideal conditions.

department, a lyric writer office (one industrious lyricist has turned out 2,000 numbers in two years), band-rehearsal rooms, large production rehearsal rooms, wardrobe—every dress new every three weeks, and all made on the premises—since the opening, roughly 9,000 different designs have been used. For concrete proof of this success story, witness the box office. In one week this house, seating capacity a mere 305, took £2,055 nett. Fine work!

A new play by Cyril Campion, author of *Ask Beccles*, *The Lash* and *Dope* is the attraction at the Richmond Theatre for this week, commencing on Monday, February 6. It is called *I Am the King* and it deals with the king of a mythical kingdom of the Ruritanian type who leads a revolution against himself. Like Haroun Al Raschid, he goes about his country in disguise finding out grievances and impersonates the democratic leader bent on upsetting the autocratic rule which obtains. There are many amusing and exciting twists and a surprising dénouement. It is an ambitious production from the point of view of size of production and cast—one of the biggest which the Richmond Theatre has attempted. There are over forty in the company. Eric Maturin, Andrew Osborn, Alexander Field, George Bishop, Stella Bonheur, Alexander Sarner, Charles Quartermaine and Margaret Damer. Jack Minster produces. Next week there will be three plays in the West End which came from the Richmond Theatre. *Quiet Wedding*, *Under Suspicion* and *Gas Light*.

A title has now been found for Firth Shepherd's new musical show for the Prince's Theatre—*Turned Out Nice Again!* Mr. Shepherd is so pleased with the material his author, Douglas Furber, and composer, Manning Sherwin, have delivered that he has come to the conclusion that it would not be giving this ambitious musical a fair chance to produce it this side of the summer. Accordingly, he has scheduled August Bank Holiday as the opening date—with Sydney Howard, Vera Pearce, Arthur Riscoe, Jack Donohue and a supporting company of nearly fifty artists.



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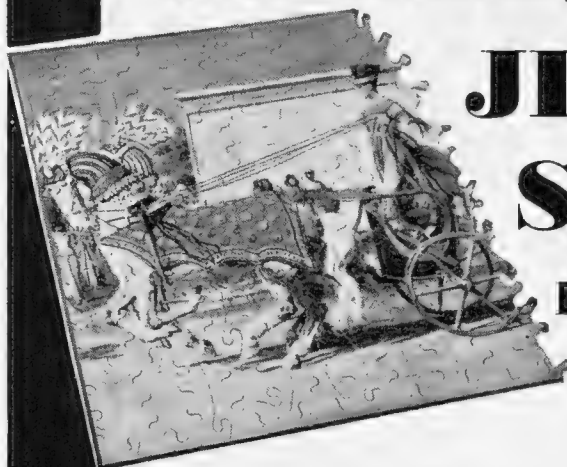


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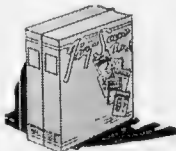
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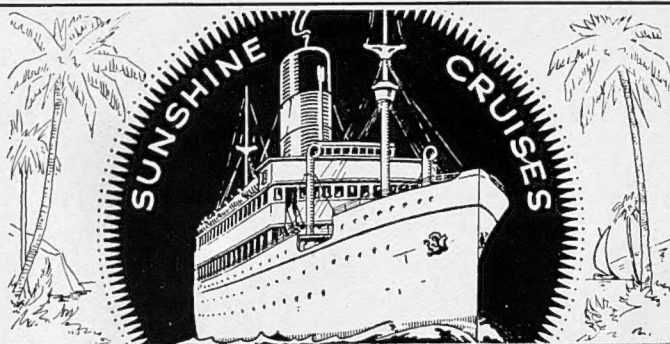
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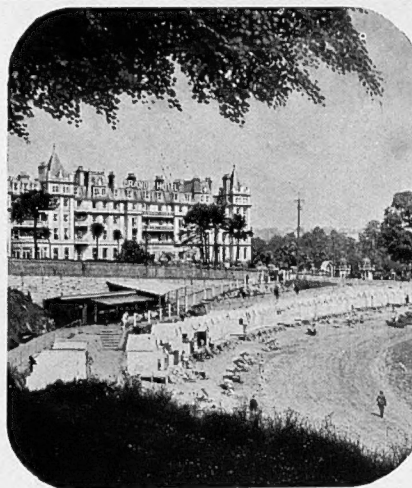
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